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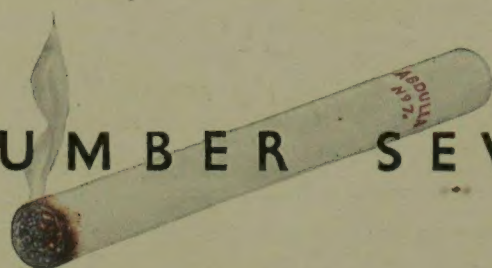
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NUMBER SEVEN



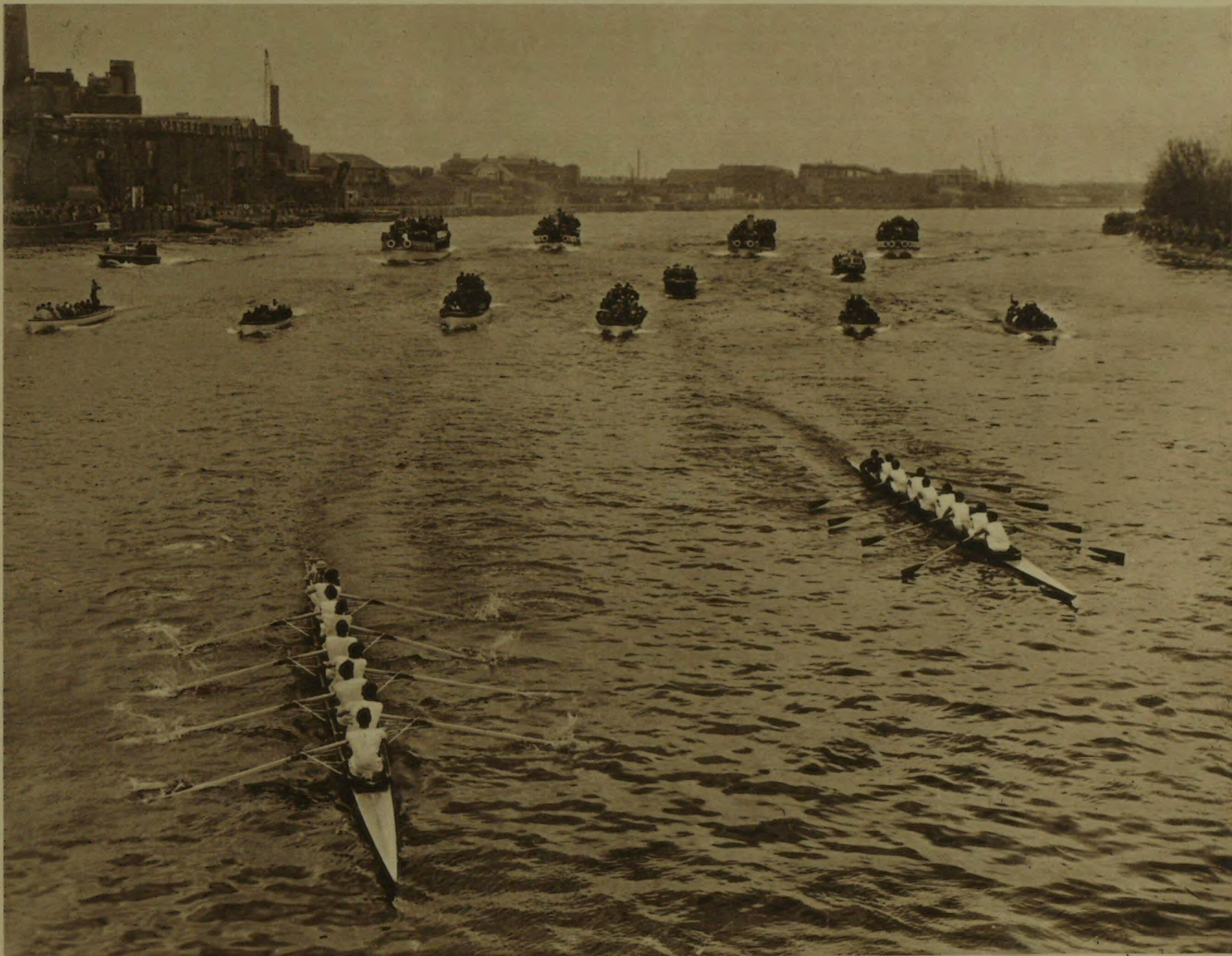
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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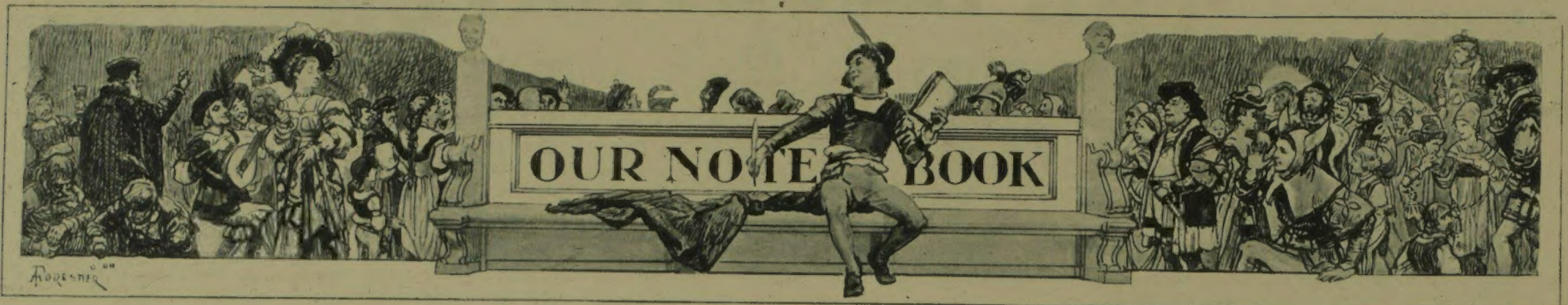
SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1950.



THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE: (ABOVE) AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE, WITH CAMBRIDGE (LEFT) IN THE LEAD, WHICH THEY HELD TO THE END, AND (BELOW) THE FINISH, WITH CAMBRIDGE WINNING BY THREE AND A HALF LENGTHS.

On April 1 Cambridge registered their fourth victory in the five post-war Oxford and Cambridge boat races. The race was rowed at mid-day and Oxford won the toss. They chose the Surrey side and, striking a higher rate, got slightly ahead by the Fulham football ground. Oxford had been expected to do better than Cambridge in rough water, but the cross-wind was not affecting the water enough in the early stages to give Oxford any advantage. By Hammersmith Bridge Cambridge were half a length ahead. Cavenagh, the Oxford stroke, staged two

game spurts, but the Cambridge crew maintained a lead, and by Barnes Bridge Cambridge were about two-and-a-half lengths ahead. In the final bend the water became really rough for the first time, but too late to benefit Oxford; and Cambridge finished in 20 mins. 15 secs., three-and-a-half lengths, or 11 secs., ahead. At one point in the race the oars of the two crews touched, but they both drew away and the incident had no effect on the course of the race. The time of both crews in the race was better than anything they had done in training.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ARE we getting value for the money we spend as a nation on what we call education? The answer, I suppose, is, partly, Yes. We are teaching a very large number of boys and girls to read, count and, after a fashion, write: enough to enable them to read the cheaper newspapers, sex-novelettes and crime-stories, fill in their football-pool coupons and perform the various form-filling transactions called for by a Welfare State. We are also giving a very much smaller, though substantial, number of boys and girls an excellent secondary education, and a smaller number still technical or scientific instruction—though seldom, I am afraid, much more—of some kind or another at a university. But it is impossible to watch and listen to the boys and young men at football in the park, or the girls and young women in the streets or at the factory gates, and not suspect that, for all our talk of education, we are still a very badly educated nation. The potential foundation virtues are there: courage and a rough kindness and even a kind of instinct for fair play, but so much that is, rightly considered, man's heritage is being denied to these young people because their inherent capacity for perception, intelligence and all the higher faculties of the mind and spirit have never been drawn out by anyone: State, Church, school or home. They are crude, vacant, imitatively vulgar and starved; their eyes have never been opened to the glory of the universe or the greatness of the inheritance which is nominally but only, alas, nominally, theirs. Of love of work and craftsmanship, of joy in beauty, the delight in civilised social intercourse they know so little, poor things; it is no fault of theirs, for the society in which they live has denied it them. Some of them—the more high-spirited, I have seen it suggested by sociologists—have turned, so we are daily told in the Press, to coshes and to crimes of violence: a natural product, perhaps, of the tales they read and the films they see. For nature abhors a vacuum, and society having failed to fill it in these young people's minds, it is occupied instead by the destructive and eroding spirit of anarchy that lies in man's soul—what our forbears used to call the Devil—which is always waiting to destroy society and every corporate and transmitted achievement of man.

Yet, as Adam Smith so wisely said, there is a deal of ruin in a nation. The roots of our ancient and creative society have been partly torn up: by the two terrible wars through which we have passed, by the bewildering and breathless scientific and technological revolution through which we are still passing, through the ill-consequences—unregulated at the time until it was too late and the damage done—of that earlier industrial revolution at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Then, too, men who loved and valued our ancient civilisation for the human virtues and achievements it created, were horrified to see the effects of that revolution on boys and girls and, in fullness of time, men and women of their own race. The wiser of them—poets and saints and philanthropists—pitied and understood and tried to remedy the evils they saw; the vast majority—for few of us are, even spasmodically,

poets and saints and philanthropists—seeing in their fellow-men, ignorance, brutality, blind envy and hatred, treated them as dangerous pariahs and sought to fence them in and repress them. Fortunately a leaven of vision and active goodness can always, given a fair opportunity, transform a mass of blindness and inertia, and nineteenth-century Britain, with all its terrible social flaws, was still, as I hope and believe twentieth-century Britain is, a society vital enough to give those leavening elements their chance.

How terrible those social flaws were can be seen from any study of the time, and may be an encouragement and hearten us to a constructive effort. They were far worse than anything that confronts us to-day, though they were not as widely spread through society as our own lesser brutality and ignorance. Then, as now, war and a wonderful internal technical success in discovering new forms of livelihood, had uprooted growing numbers from the country's traditional life. Many thrived in a freer society; many more, the old

with rags and blackened paper, the filthy women and half-naked children wallowing in the kennels. These atrocious rookeries, hitherto confined to small areas, were constantly expanding, stretching ever further into the Essex and Kentish meadows and leaving a string of low, dingy towns along either side of the Thames. Spitalfields, once a place of pleasant, garden streets with country names, built by Huguenot silk-workers, suffered a terrible deterioration. Its once pleasant homes became filthy, overpopulated tenements, its gardens were obliterated by mean, two-storied dwellings, its winding, rustic lanes unpaved and sewerless streets. Everywhere were pallid, diminutive-looking men and women and children playing amid heaps and pools of garbage; the only cheerful places in these abodes of misery were the gin, or "blue-ruin," shops. Here were the characters of low life that Corinthian Tom and Jerry Hawthorn, in their resolve to drain the last dregs of Metropolitan pleasure, found revelling by night; Tinker Tom, dirty Suke, boggle-eyed Jem and Billingsgate Moll, full of fire and fury, defending herself with her fish-basket; African Sall, flashy Nance and Peg the ballad-singer "rolling her peepers for a new fancy man"; the cadgers and flat-catchers of the Holy Land, enjoying their "peck and booze" after the eleemosynary labours of the day; the lascars, jack-tars, coal-heavers, dustmen, women of colour and remnants of once fine girls who jiggled together at All Max—that "bit of life" at the East End of the Town—where the reckless could drown their miseries in "Daffy," "Ould Tom" and "Stark Naked." Half the customers of such places lived outside the law. The thieves' kitchen was the flower of the London slum. The world of Fagin and the Artful Dodger did not spring from Dickens's imagination. Neither did the "stout, broad-shouldered, sturdy chested man with the broad-skirted green coat with large metal buttons" and the pale, hurrying woman and emaciated children waiting for him outside the tap-room and who, as Bill Sikes, matriculated from burglary to murder. "We never calls them thieves here but prigs and fakers,"



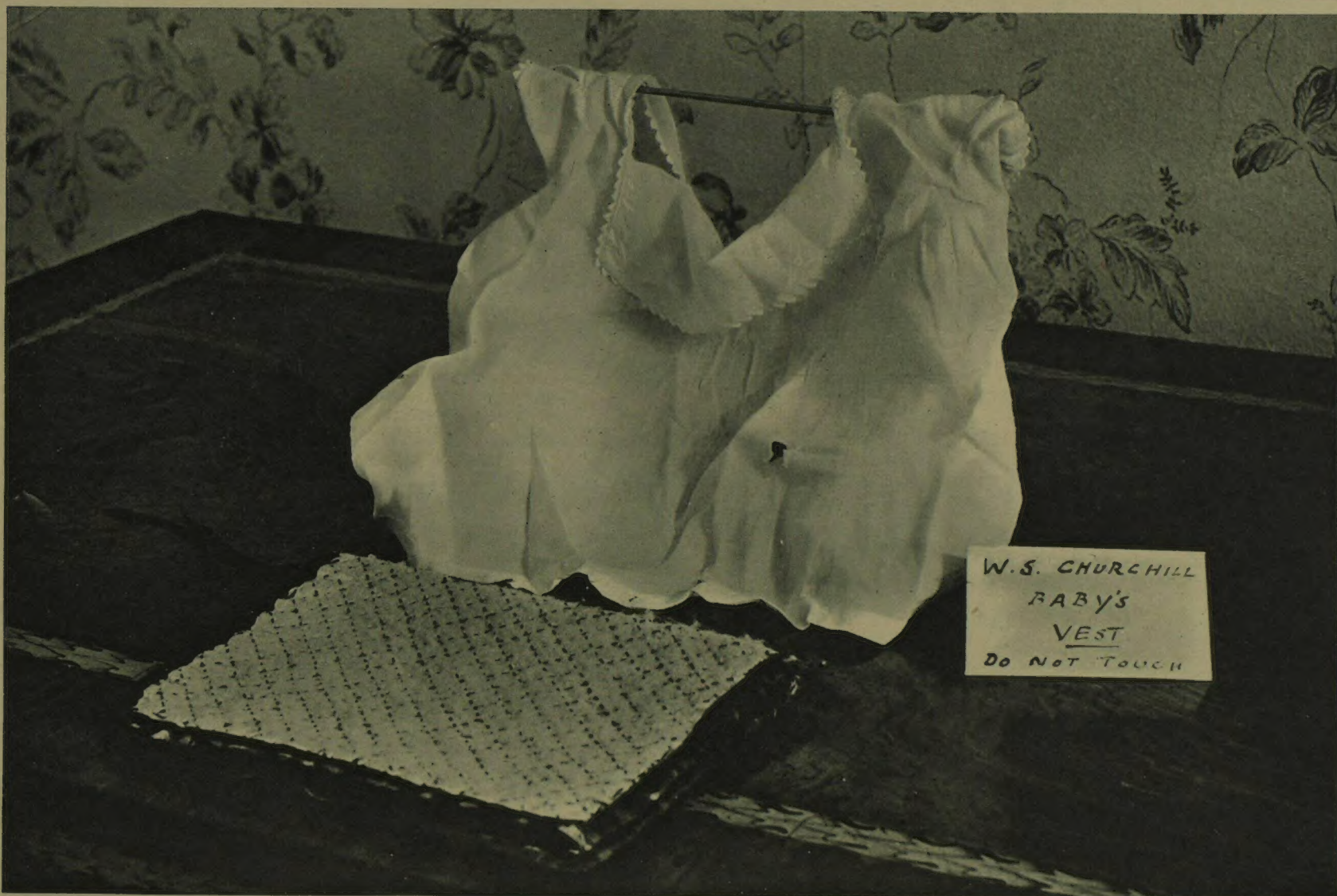
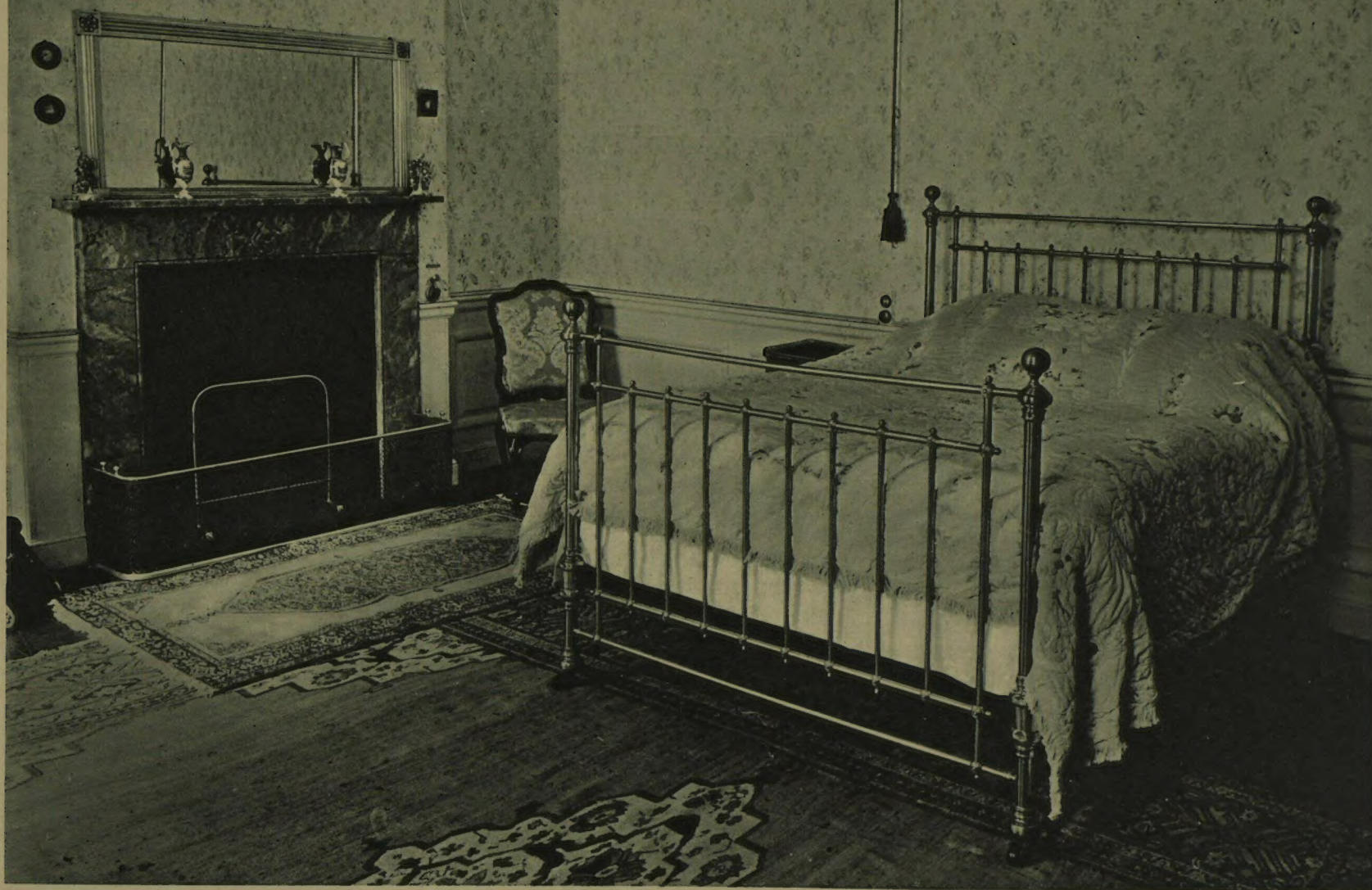
SIXTEEN OUT OF THE TWENTY-ONE WOMEN MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT: A GROUP TAKEN ON THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, INCLUDING SOCIALIST, CONSERVATIVE, AND LIBERAL REPRESENTATIVES.

At the February, 1950, election, out of a record number of 126 women candidates, twenty were successful, and one more was added to the number when Miss Florence Horsbrugh (Con.) was returned at the postponed Moss Side Division of Manchester election. Our group, taken recently on the Terrace of the House of Commons, shows (l. to r., back row) Lady Tweedsmuir (Aberdeen South; Con.), Miss Irene Ward (Tynemouth; Con.), Lady Davidson (Hemel Hempstead; Con.), Mrs. L. Middleton (Plymouth, Sutton Div.; Soc.), Mrs. D. Rees (Barry; Soc.), and Miss Elaine Burton (Coventry, South; Soc.), and (in front) Miss Alice Bacon (North East Leeds; Soc.), Mrs. E. Hill (Wythenshawe; Con.), Miss P. Hornsby-Smith (Chislehurst; Con.), Mrs. C. S. Ganley (Battersea, South; Co-op and Soc.), Dr. Edith Summerskill (Fulham West; Soc.), Minister of National Insurance, Miss Florence Horsbrugh (Manchester, Moss Side; Con.), Miss Barbara Castle (East Blackburn; Soc.), Lady Megan Lloyd-George (Anglesey; Lib.), Mrs. A. Cullen (Glasgow, Gorbals; Soc.), and Mrs. E. White (East Flint; Soc.). The women members not shown in the group are, Miss Jennie Lee (Cannock; Soc.), in private life Mrs. Aneurin Bevan, Mrs. Jean Mann (Coatbridge and Airdrie; Soc.), Mrs. E. M. Braddock (Liverpool, Exchange; Soc.), Miss Margaret Herblison (North Lanark; Soc.) and Mrs. F. Corbett (Peckham; Soc.)

props gone, went to the wall. Those swept into the slums of the capital or the noisy, squalid squatters' towns of the Northern and Midland factories could transmit to their children only a shadowy memory of the Christian traditions and influences among which they had grown up. A generation after Waterloo a third of Manchester's children attended neither church, chapel or school. The stony places in which the dispossessed took root tended, inevitably, to make hard, cruel, reckless men, and sluttish, depraved women. The London slums were still what they had been in the Middle Ages, fever-ridden haunts of vice and wretchedness. The impression made on them by the humanitarians of the eighteenth century was constantly being counteracted by the influx of newcomers from every part of the kingdom, particularly from Ireland, whose standards of living were far below those of England. A decade or two later the young Dickens drew the picture of London's slums: the maze of alleys, lanes and courts fading into the unwholesome vapour that eternally overhung them, the dirty, tumbledown houses, their windows patched

the apple-woman on London Bridge told the author of "Lavengro." "If you have any clies to sell at any time I'll buy them of you; all safe with me; I never peach and scorns a trap!" There were parts of the town, like Tothill Fields and Seven Dials, where by tacit agreement neither watch nor Bow Street runner ever entered. In these "flash cribs," or "infernals," thousands of thieves and their female "pals" lived in ancient tumble-down houses and narrow courts reeking with ordure. Across their horizons lay the shadow, not of Paul's cross, but of the Newgate gallows and the gibbet. The most popular of London spectacles was a hanging; then the underworld, drunk on gin and horrors, shouted itself senseless as Jack Ketch, the hangman, cut down the lifeless bodies.

Here was the menace that faced the early Victorians and the Evangelical reformers who preceded them. They did not face it merely with the cat-and-nine-tails and the policeman's truncheon. They faced it with the Christian conscience and the active and noble lives which that conscience inspired.



(ABOVE.) FURNISHED WITH A BRASS BEDSTEAD, AND STILL CONTAINING A VICTORIAN BELL-ROPE: THE SIMPLE ROOM IN WHICH WINSTON CHURCHILL WAS BORN ON NOVEMBER 30, 1874. (BELOW.) A RELIC OF THE ARCHITECT OF VICTORY IN THE 1939-45 WAR: WINSTON CHURCHILL'S BABY VEST, NOW ON VIEW TO THE PUBLIC IN BLENHEIM PALACE.

#### WHERE WINSTON CHURCHILL WAS BORN: THE MODEST—NOW HISTORIC—BEDROOM IN SPLENDID BLENHEIM PALACE.

Visitors to Blenheim Palace, the vast and splendid pile built by Vanbrugh on the orders of Queen Anne to honour John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, the victor of Blenheim, Malplaquet and Oudenarde, which has now been opened to the public by the present Duke, can not only see splendid salons, superb tapestries, furniture and works of art, but they are also allowed to enter a modest room in which one of the greatest of Englishmen, Winston Churchill, was born. It is still known as the Dean Jones Room, as it was originally occupied by the

Chaplain to the first Duke, but it gained its present great historic importance on November 30, 1874, when Lady Randolph Spencer-Churchill, beautiful American-born wife of Lord Randolph Spencer-Churchill, son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, gave birth to a baby son, who was named Winston Leonard. The walls of the room in which the Architect of Victory in the recent war first saw the light are hung with a Victorian floral paper. It contains a brass double bedstead, and an old-fashioned bell-pull hangs by the bed.

## SEA, LAND AND AIR: NEWS ITEMS FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC.



**BLOEMFONTEIN CASTLE:** THE UNION-CASTLE LINE'S NEW LINER, WHOSE MAIDEN VOYAGE TO SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA WAS DUE TO BEGIN FROM LONDON ON APRIL 6.

The new liner which Messrs. Harland and Wolff Ltd. have built, at Belfast, for the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Company, Ltd., the twin-screw motor-ship *Bloemfontein Castle* is the first Union-Castle liner to be built with one-class accommodation. Her gross tonnage is 18,400, and she can carry 739 passengers and has considerable space for general and refrigerated cargo. Her propelling machinery consists of a twin-screw arrangement of Harland B. and W. Diesel engines of the builders' latest design. Her public rooms are of a high standard, and the lounge extends the whole width of the ship. There are special amenities for children.



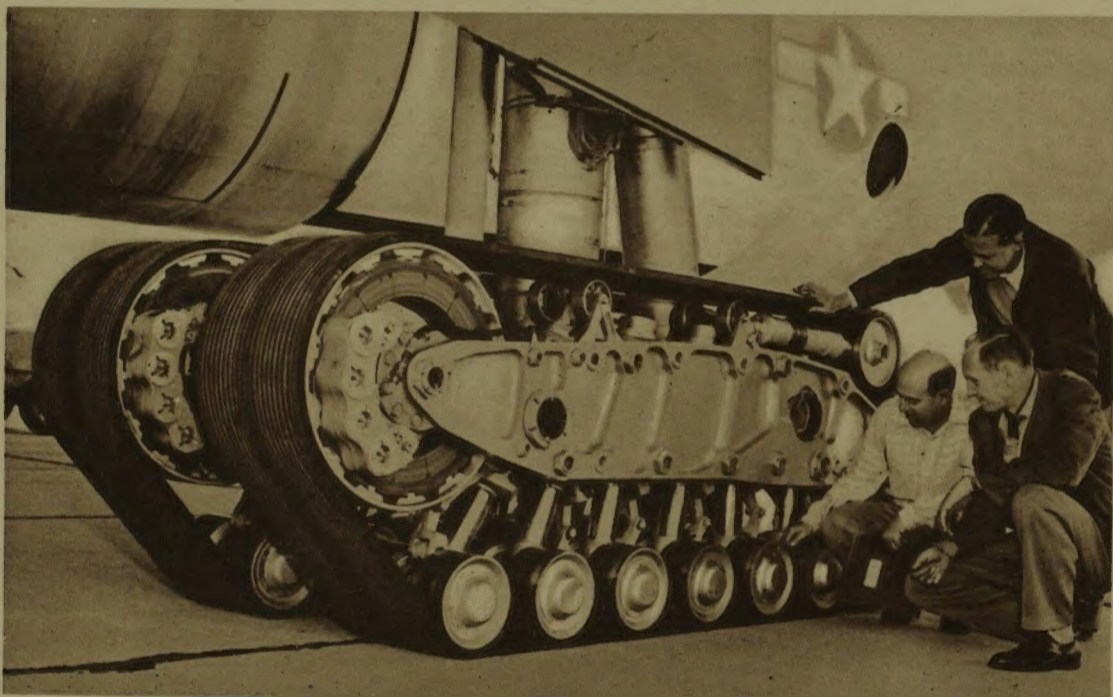
**HYDRO-ELECTRIC DEVELOPMENT IN SPAIN:** A NEW DAM IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION IN THE UPPER REACHES OF THE GUADALQUIVIR, NEAR JÓDAR, IN JAÉN PROVINCE.

The Spanish hydro-electric system, which was severely tested by the droughts of 1949, when light and power cuts had to be instituted in some cities, is being extended by further projects. We show here a new dam in the Guadalquivir, which will be linked in operation with another, about ten miles downstream, to supply power and light for Seville.



**A GUN WHICH FIRES BOMBS AND GUIDED MISSILES:** A REMARKABLE 24-IN. CALIBRE TEST INSTRUMENT AT DAHLGREN, VIRGINIA.

The 24-in. gun which we show here is used by all the U.S. armed forces for test purposes. It is stated to be basically a sawn-off and altered 16-in. gun from the U.S.S. *Dakota*, and is used to test bombs, fuses and guided missiles by hurling them against steel and concrete targets.



**THE EXPERIMENTAL LANDING GEAR NOW BEING TESTED ON THE PROTOTYPE OF THE LARGEST U.S. MILITARY AIRCRAFT IN PRODUCTION—THE CONSOLIDATED VULTURE XB-36.**

The production models of the huge 230-ft. wing-span B-36 bomber have two four-wheel bogies and a twin nose wheel gear for their landing equipment. The prototype, however (XB-36), is being tested with the tracked landing device shown in our picture, which was taken at the initial taxiing tests at Fort Worth.



**THE QUEEN'S NEIGHBOUR PLAYS IN THE QUEEN'S PRESENCE AT THE ALBERT HALL:** LADY FERMOY PLAYING THE SCHUMANN PIANO CONCERTO WITH THE L.S.O.

On March 26, Lady Fermoy, the Queen's friend and Sandringham neighbour, was the soloist in the London Symphony Orchestra's concert at the Royal Albert Hall. She was billed as "Ruth Fermoy," and played the Schumann Piano Concerto. Mr. Joseph Krips was the conductor. Her Majesty was present at the concert, in the Royal Box.



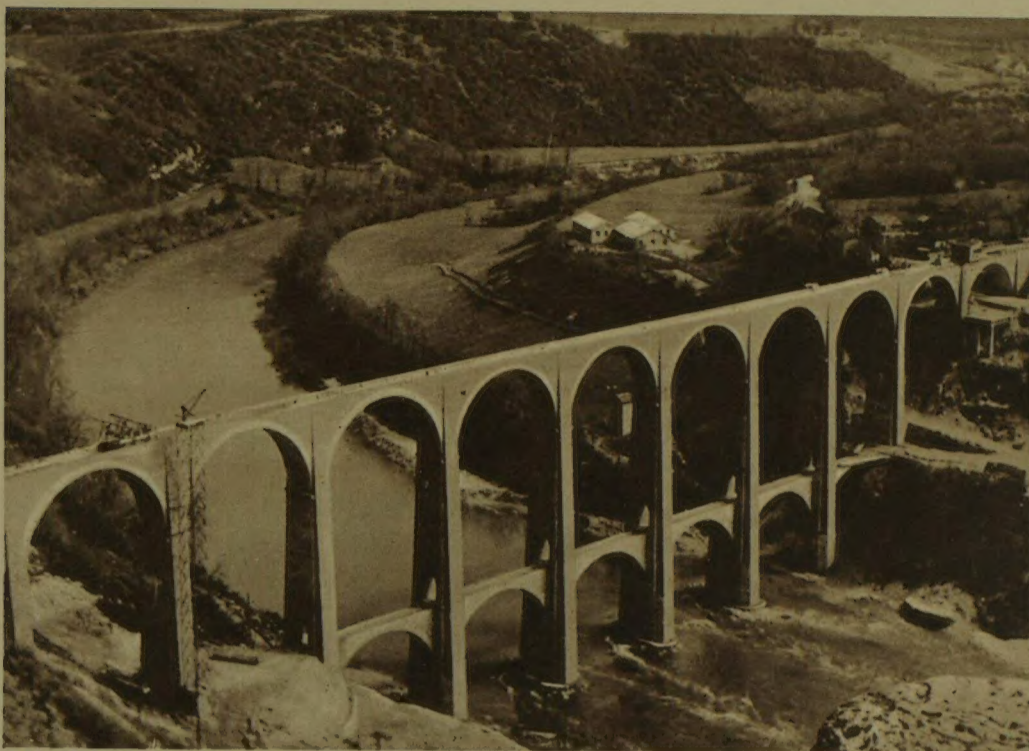
**THE TRIUMPHANT WELSH RUGBY XV. WHICH WON THE TRIPLE CROWN, DEFEATING ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND, AND WENT ON TO DEFEAT FRANCE BY 21 POINTS TO NIL.**

On March 25, Wales, with the Triple Crown already in their possession, ended the International Rugby season with a convincing victory over France, and so became one of the few teams to win all four matches in a season. Our photograph shows: top row (l. to r.) (Mr. I. Jones); J. D. Robins (Birkenhead Park); D. J. Hayward (Newbridge); R. John (Neath); R. T. Evans (Newport); W. R. Cale (Pontypool); W. B. Cleaver (Cardiff). Seated: K. Jones (Newport); M. C. Thomas (Devonport Services); L. Jones (Devonport Services); J. A. Cwiliam (Edinburgh Wanderers); J. Matthews (Cardiff); Cliff Davies (Cardiff); G. Williams (London Welsh). Front row: R. Willis (Cardiff); D. M. Davies (Somerset Police).

## FAR-FLUNG EVENTS RECORDED BY CAMERA: NOTABLE NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS.



THE ITALIAN NAVY DECORATED FOR "HEROIC CONDUCT": PRESIDENT EINAUDI PINNING THE GOLD MEDAL TO THE COLOURS OF *ANDREA DORIA*. Italy has awarded her Navy a Gold Medal for "heroic conduct against preponderant odds" during 1940-43, and, at a review of units of her Navy at Naples on March 26, President Einaudi pinned the decoration on to the colours of the battleship *Andrea Doria*. The ships were dressed over-all and many spectators assembled at the quayside. It was reported that in a subsequent interview with the Foreign Minister, the British Ambassador expressed a certain amount of surprise.

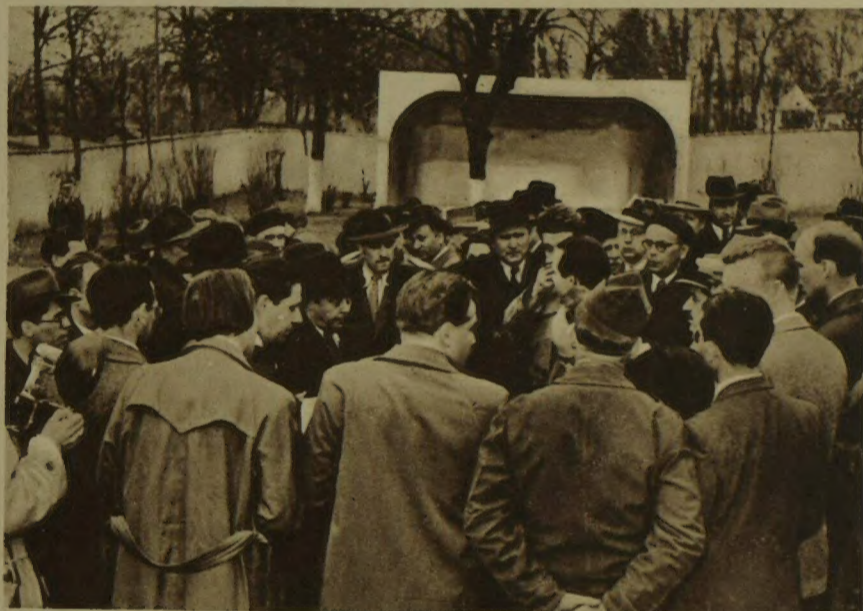


A GRACEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURE REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN CONSTRUCTED WITH GREAT ECONOMY OF LABOUR BY SIXTEEN MEN: THE RAILWAY AND FOOTBRIDGE OVER THE AIN, FRANCE.

This beautiful structure at Cize-Bolozon, in the Department of the Ain, France, is designed to carry a railway on the top bridge and to serve passenger traffic on the lower. It is reported to have been constructed by a team of sixteen men who have been at work on it since 1947.



FLOWN TO THE UNITED STATES MILITARY AIR BASE NEAR MUNICH AS ONE OF THREE "ESCAPE AIRCRAFT": A CZECHOSLOVAK AIRLINE DAKOTA.



INCLUDING TWENTY-SIX WHO WISHED TO BE REGARDED AS REFUGEES: A GROUP OF SOME OF THE EIGHTY-FIVE PASSENGERS FLOWN OUT OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA BY FORMER CZECH AIR FORCE PILOTS WHO SERVED IN THE R.A.F.

Three Czechoslovak Airline *Dakotas* landed at the U.S. military air base near Munich on March 24 with eighty-five passengers, having been flown there as "escape aircraft" by former pilots of the Czech Air Force with R.A.F. service. From Prague the pilots flew to Bratislava, Ostrava, and Brno respectively, from whence they were to make scheduled flights back to Prague. One used a pistol to "dissuade" his co-pilot and navigator from interfering. Some passengers desire to return.



HOISTING THE EGYPTIAN FLAG ABOARD THE FRIGATE *ABOUKIR*, FORMERLY H.M.S. *USK*: THE SCENE AT SOUTHAMPTON, WITH THE *QUEEN MARY* IN THE BACKGROUND.

The Egyptian flag was hoisted aboard the frigate *Aboukir*, formerly H.M.S. *Usk*, on March 29, at Southampton, when she was formally taken over after purchase by the Egyptian Government. Two other ships of the "River" class (1460 tons), the *Nith* and the *Spey*, have also been transferred to Egypt.



INSPECTING THE MONUMENT MARKING THE SPOT WHERE MR. CHURCHILL WAS CAPTURED BY BOERS IN 1899: VETERANS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR, AT CHIEVELEY. Veterans of the South African War attended celebrations for the fiftieth anniversary of the relief of Ladysmith, as recorded in our issue of March 18. They visited Chieveley, where a stone records that Boers there wrecked a British armoured train, and captured Mr. Winston Churchill.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IN writing of Gentians I am tempted to paraphrase the famous epigram about the strawberry: Doubtless God could have made a better Gentian than *verna*—

but doubtless He never did. I have grown many lovely Gentians, and killed not a few, but I can think of no species which is so supremely beautiful in colour, and so completely satisfying in habit and in temperament as *G. verna*.

I say temperament advisedly, in spite of all that has been said about its being difficult to grow. Believe me, it's nothing of the kind. It is perfectly easy to grow and, having grown, it flowers automatically, and as a matter of course. It has one fad and one fad, only. It insists on having proper roots in good working order, and too often roots are the one thing without which folk try to grow it. The trouble usually starts with collected plants, for *G. verna* is a difficult plant to collect when it is growing in a close sward of dwarf Alpine herbage, as it so often does in nature. The best plan is to look out for isolated specimens growing in broken ground, and then dig very deeply so as to secure every scrap of deep-questing root. A single good specimen, re-established at home, and flowered, will give all the seed and seedlings you are likely to wish to deal with. An easier and a shorter cut is to buy young, ready-made, pot-grown plants and, in doing this, insist on their being well-established seedlings with a mass of roots running round and round the little pots. No matter if the leafy tops are small. It's the roots that really count. As to soil, any sound, sweet loam in full sun will grow *verna*, and, by way of luxury, it's a good plan to bury some pure, dry cow-dung half-an-inch or so below the roots. This acts as a sort of sponge to retain moisture, and at the same time supplies the quiet nourishment that the plant enjoys. If you want to grow a bed of *Gentiana verna* to absolute perfection, or if you have doubts about the existing soil of your rock-garden, you should make up a bed, a foot deep, of the following mixture. The formula was worked out by a friend of mine after long and exhaustive experiments with innumerable soil mixtures

### A FEW GENTIANAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

have solid, deep-green mats of foliage, thickly studded in May with myriads of star flowers, little more than an inch high, and of a blue which for depth and vivid purity is surpassed by no other flower and equalled by few. *Gentiana verna* varies a good deal in nature, with slightly larger or smaller flowers, and now and then one comes upon a white-flowered specimen, or a pale sky-blue. In the Tyrol I have found whole colonies of a violet-coloured form. But these, though interesting, and even beautiful, are mere foils and stooges among the typical sapphire of true *verna*. There is, too, the name *G. v. angulosa*, which is often

is open to coercion.

These two, *Gentiana verna* and *G. acaulis*, are both European species, and to my mind the two best. *G. verna*, by the by, is a rare British native, and is abundant, too, on the West Coast of Ireland. The Willow Gentian, *G. asclepiadea*, is a sub-Alpine woodland species, with a sheaf of slender, 18-in. stems strung with handsome blue flowers. There is a white variety, and I have seen a pale-blue one. An easy plant to grow, and a good perennial. For the skilled Alpine specialist who likes cossetting difficult varieties, there are three most brilliant dwarfs, *G. bavarica*, *G. brachyphylla* and *G. imbricata*.

In addition to these European gentians—and there are many others which I have not mentioned, some of them good, some indifferent, and a few downright dowdy—there are a host of Far Eastern species. Among them are several outstanding beauties of immense garden value, especially *G. sino-ornata*, *G. veitchiorum* and *G. farreri*, and of these three *sino-ornata* is the most important. Its leaves are narrow and almost grassy, its flowers, as large as those of *acaulis*, are brilliant pure blue, with handsome stripings on the corolla tube. They come in late summer and autumn—a most welcome time. I have even had them in flower at Christmas, their vivid sapphire peeking up through a heavy carpet of hoar-frost like Soldanellas through snow patches in the high Alps. The plant has one fad—an inveterate hatred of lime. It won't tolerate it at any price, and does not even try. In a soil that will grow heathers and rhododendrons it is one of the easiest and most satisfactory of all Alpines. In a chalky or limy garden, the only way is to prepare a bed raised well above ground level, and

composed of lime-free loam, peat and leaf-mould; and water when necessary with rainwater.

*Gentiana farreri* is lighter in build than *sino-ornata*, with narrower leaves and white-throated trumpets of an exquisite pale sky-blue. It is not nearly so easy to grow, and has become extremely rare in cultivation. But these two, *sino-ornata* and *farreri*, have produced the fair and vigorous hybrid *X. macaulayii*, of a lighter



THE BEST OF THE EUROPEAN GENTIANAS: "I CAN THINK OF NO SPECIES WHICH IS SO SUPREMELY BEAUTIFUL IN COLOUR AND SO COMPLETELY SATISFYING IN HABIT AND IN TEMPERAMENT AS *GENTIANA VERNA*."

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.

attached to any extra large and vigorous form of typical blue *verna*.

*Gentiana acaulis* is the big-trumpet gentian which studs the high Alpine lawns by the million in June. In nature it varies widely both in the size and the colour of its flowers. All are beautiful, though some of them somewhat dull in tone, some slaty, some inky-blue, and not one that I have ever seen in the Alps comes anywhere near the old *Gentiana acaulis* of gardens. There seems to be some uncertainty as to what the garden *acaulis* really is, and where it originally came from. There is uncertainty, too, as to what it really wants to make it flower. I have heard great argument about these two points, but have never managed to sort out any very definite conclusion. As a gardener I am content to call it *G. acaulis*, or Gentianella, and leave it at that—with thankfulness for so good a plant. As to its cultivation, I am still in the dark. As far as my practical experience goes, the plant either likes your soil and grows and flowers in it, or it dislikes your soil and grows—but refuses to flower. Only once have I prescribed successfully in this matter. I was called in to advise professionally about a big bed of *acaulis* which had never flowered. The plants looked healthy, though perhaps a trifle under-nourished. I prescribed a top-

dressing of good yellow loam laced with a shilling tin of Clay's fertilizer. I felt I must suggest something. Six months later I received a postcard saying that *acaulis* was flowering like mad, and for several years after I received annual cards telling the same miraculous news. It had been a shot in the dark—and had worked. But I would not suggest that yellow loam and Clay's is a certain cure for non-flowering in *acaulis*. In fact, I still hold that there is some soil factor which we do not understand, and without which the plant will produce leaves and leaves only. The only way is to try *acaulis*. If it likes your soil you are lucky. If it doesn't like your soil it's a pity, and it will be wisest to grow *G. verna* or some other species which



MORE ELEGANT THAN *G. SINO-ORNATA*, BUT LESS ROBUST AND MORE DIFFICULT TO GROW: *GENTIANA FARRERI*, "WITH WHITE-THROATED TRUMPETS OF AN EXQUISITE SKY-BLUE."



THE MOST OUTSTANDING OF THE ASIATIC GENTIANAS: *GENTIANA SINO-ORNATA*, WHOSE FLOWERS "AS LARGE AS THOSE OF *ACCAULIS*, ARE BRILLIANT PURE BLUE, WITH HANDSOME STRIPINGS ON THE COROLLA TUBE."

and confections. Mix equal parts of good, sound loam—the sort that you would give to carnations—silver sand, dry, pure cow-dung, well crumbled, flower-pots smashed to the smallness of split peas, dust and all, and bacterised peat. This last you should be able to get from any good horticultural sundriesman. This mixture is really very simple, and I have never known it fail. One other cultural suggestion. If you want to save seed for sowing, leave a few pods to mature, but remove all the rest of the spent flowers and, when the flowering is over, top-dress the whole bed with a fairly heavy dressing of the same soil mixture. With roots and the five ingredients, there is no difficulty with this loveliest of Gentians. You should soon

blue than "*sino*," a garden plant of the first water—but a lime hater. *Gentiana veitchiorum* is smaller than *sino-ornata*, with blunter leaves, and flowers of a deep Oxford blue. Mated to *sino-ornata* it produced the splendid hybrid *G. X. stevenagensis*, with trumpets of dark-blue shot with violet, a most striking plant, and not difficult to grow. There are several other hybrids in this group of Oriental gentians, and as a class, both hybrids and species are so lovely that a raised, lime-free bed is well worth while. But it must be raised. If sunk in surrounding limy soil, the poison will eventually seep in, and I know few sadder sights than a *Gentiana sino-ornata* with yellowing leaves and purpling flowers on the point of death.



ATTENDING HIS FIRST PUBLIC CEREMONY AFTER HIS RETURN HOME: THE KING OF SIAM WALKING DOWN THE STEPS (LEFT) OF THE PHRA MERU AT THE CREMATION OF HIS BROTHER, THE LATE KING ANANDA MAHIDOL.

King Phumibol Aduldet, who returned to Siam on March 24 after studying for three years in Switzerland, took part in the cremation ceremony, on March 29, of his elder brother, the late King Ananda Mahidol, who was assassinated on June 9, 1946. Our photograph shows the twenty-two-year-old King descending the steps of the Phra Meru (Royal cremation pyre) in Bangkok on March 29, after having lit candles and incense and paid homage to the remains of his brother. Later, to the

accompaniment of a thundering gun salute, he lit the pyre. The whole ceremony was one of unsurpassing solemnity and grandeur and one in which Princes, Princesses and noblemen took part. The Royal remains are to be entombed in Buddha's throne in one of the great temples in Bangkok, after having been previously borne in solemn procession to the Grand Palace. (Photographs of the King's return to Bangkok appear on page 551.)

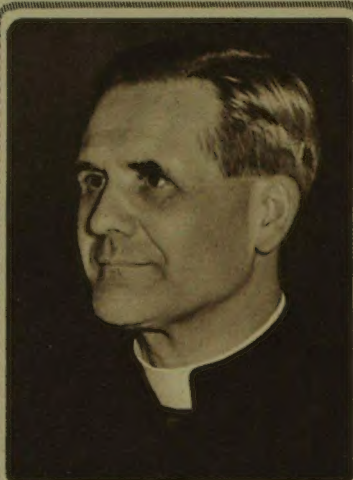
## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**MR. LAURENCE A. STEINHARDT.**

Killed in an air crash near Ottawa on March 28, aged fifty-seven. He had been United States Ambassador to Canada since 1948 and was a distinguished lawyer, economist and diplomat. In 1943 he attended the conference in Cairo between President Roosevelt, Mr. Churchill and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

**MR. W. GLENVIL HALL.**

Elected chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party in succession to Mr. Maurice Webb, Minister of Food. He is Labour Member for Colne Valley and was Financial Secretary to the Treasury throughout the last Parliament. He was elected by ballot, and the result was announced at a meeting of the party on March 29.

**MONSIGNOR P. E. LEGER.**

Nominated by the Pope as Archbishop of Montreal in succession to Monsignor Joseph Charbonneau, who resigned in February. Monsignor Leger is at present Rector of the Canadian College in Rome; previously he was Vicar-General of Valleyfield, which is suffragan to the Archdiocese of Montreal.

**MR. JOHN E. KITCHEN.**

Captain of the Oxford golf team that won the University golf match at St. Annes on March 29 by nine matches to five, with one halved. The match was a triumph for the Oxford captain, who won his single for the fourth year running, thus equalling the record of H. Ellis, of Oxford, established some half-century ago.

**MR. FRANK BUCK.**

Died in hospital at Houston, Texas, on March 25, aged sixty-six. He was an American big-game hunter, explorer and film-producer, whose expeditions took him to South America, Malaya, India, Borneo, New Guinea and Africa. His best-known film was "Bring 'Em Back Alive," of which he was the author with E. Anthony.



**CELEBRATING FIFTY YEARS IN THE CYCLE INDUSTRY: SIR HAROLD BOWDEN, FROM A PORTRAIT BY DAVID JAGGER.** Sir Harold Bowden, Bt., G.B.E., the sixty-nine-year-old chairman of Raleigh Industries Ltd., is celebrating fifty years in the cycle industry. To mark the occasion he was admitted, on March 29, to the Half-Century Club of Raleigh Industries, Ltd. With his certificate of membership he received the original brass Check No. 485 with which fifty years ago he used to clock in at the factory gates at 6 a.m. He was also presented with his portrait in oils by David Jagger. Sir Harold is the son of the late Sir Frank Bowden, the founder of Raleigh. He has driven a car since 1899, but he estimates that he has cycled over 100,000 miles in his lifetime. Sir Harold is a fisherman, a keen shot and a yachtsman. While chairman of the British Olympic Association, in 1932, he led the British team to Los Angeles.

**TALKING TO QUEEN FREDERIKA IN ATHENS: SIR ANDREW MURRAY, LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH.**

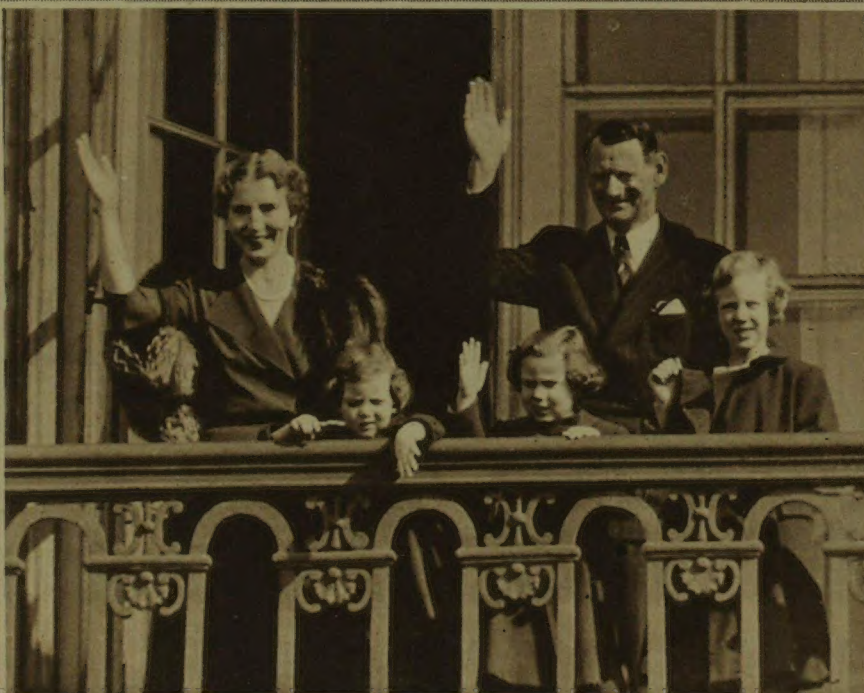
Sir Andrew Murray, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, spent a week in Athens at the end of March, when Greece celebrated the anniversary of the war of independence against the Turks in 1821. He was the guest of the municipality of Athens and received the freedom of the city as the representative of a country which has done so much for Greece, and as the chief citizen of the "Athens of the North."



**RETIRING AFTER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS' SERVICE WITH THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS: MR. A. R. VAUGHAN.** Sixty-five years ago Albert Randall Vaughan started work as a reading-boy at *The Illustrated London News* printing works in Milford Lane. Last week he retired from the position of general manager of the printing works, at the age of eighty. In April, 1886, Mr. Vaughan was apprenticed as a compositor to Sir William Ingram, son of the founder. In 1921 he became general manager of the printing works. On March 30 representatives of all the departments of *The Illustrated London News and Sketch Ltd.*, many of whom have served more than fifty years with the firm, had an opportunity of showing Mr. Vaughan the affection and high esteem in which he is held by all, when, at a meeting, a handsome illuminated address containing a personal tribute and the names of all those with whom he has worked for so long, was presented to him.

**M. LÉON BLUM.**

Died suddenly after a heart attack at his home near Paris on March 30, aged seventy-seven. He was leader of the French Socialist Party and had been Prime Minister of France both before and since the war. After the fall of France he was arrested by the Vichy authorities and in 1943 delivered into the hands of the Gestapo and interned. His London talks with Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin laid the foundation of the Treaty of Dunkirk.

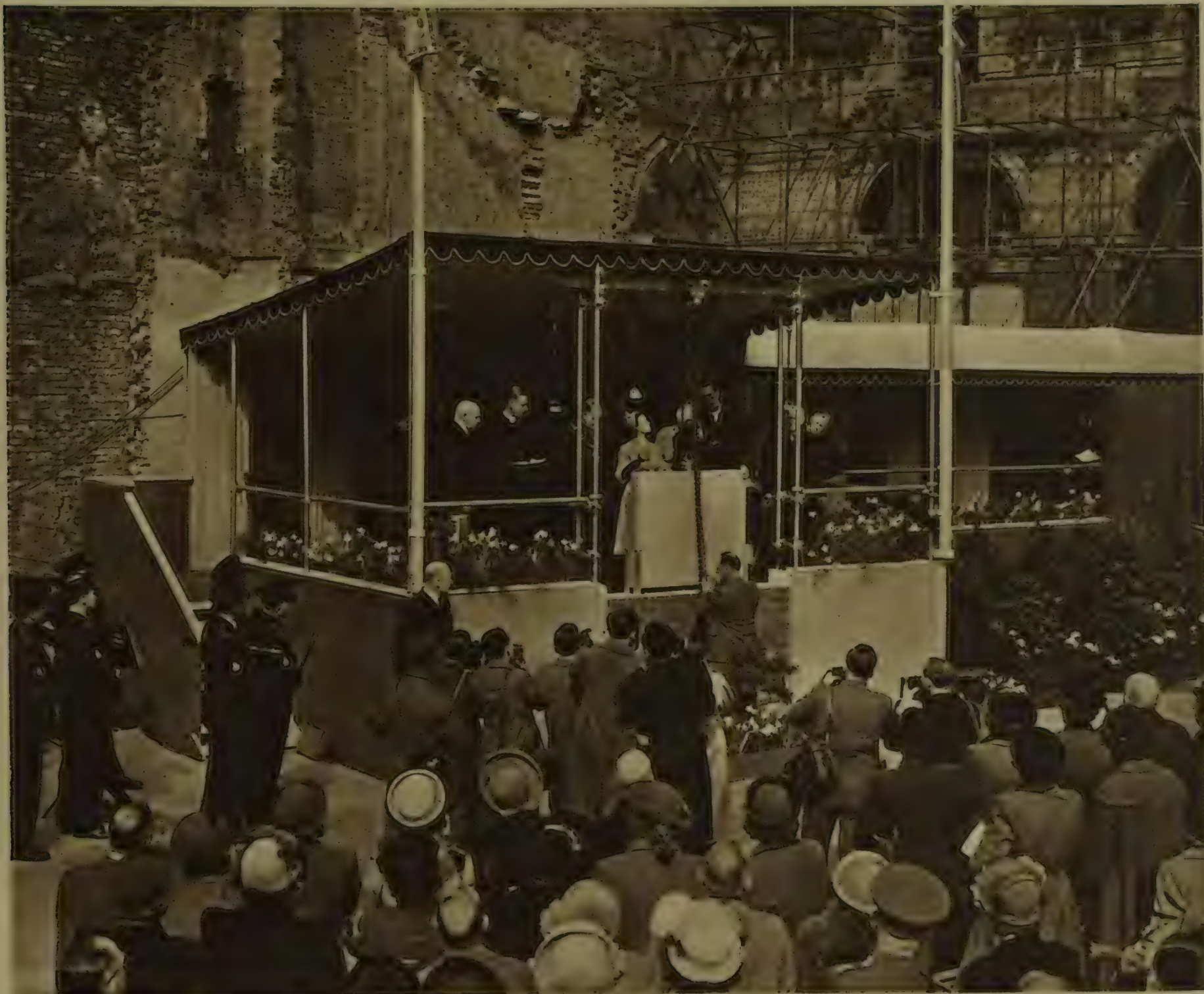
**ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD ON MARCH 28, QUEEN INGRID'S BIRTHDAY: THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK AND THEIR THREE DAUGHTERS.**

A huge crowd gathered outside the Royal palace in Copenhagen on March 28 to greet the Queen, who was celebrating her fortieth birthday on that day. In response to the cheering of their people the King and Queen appeared on the balcony with their three daughters, Princess Anne-Marie, aged three-and-a-half; Princess Benedikte, who will be six on April 29; and Princess Margrethe, who will be ten on April 16. King Frederik succeeded his father in 1947.

**SQUADRON LEADER G. B. WALFORD.**

Commander of the R.A.F. Unit in the Anglo-Scandinavian Antarctic Expedition, photographs of which appear on pages 538 and 539. The important part played by the R.A.F. Antarctic Unit in finding a way for the *Norse*, in searching for a landing-place and base, and in reconnaissance of the area round the base, was described by Squadron Leader Walford in a graphic article in *The Times* on March 22.

# PRINCESS MARGARET IN LANCASHIRE: EVENTS OF HER FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT.



LOOKING UPWARDS AT THE TACKLE BY WHICH THE HUGE BLOCK WAS LOWERED: PRINCESS MARGARET LAYING A STONE TO COMMEMORATE THE COMMENCEMENT OF WORK ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW FREE TRADE HALL, MANCHESTER, TO REPLACE THE BOMBED EDIFICE. THE NEW HALL WILL COST £377,000 TO BUILD.



PLANTING A COPPER-BEECH TREE AT THE KING GEORGE MEMORIAL PLAYING FIELD AT GORTON, MANCHESTER: PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO LATER DECLARED THE GROUND OPEN.

Princess Margaret, who saw the Grand National with the Royal party, remained in Lancashire to carry out her first official tour of the county. On March 27 she went to Manchester and Salford, and on the following day to St. Helens, Warrington, Leigh and Wigan. In Manchester she was received at the Town Hall before going on to lay a stone commemorating the commencement of work on a new Free Trade Hall to replace the edifice destroyed by bombs in 1940. She expressed the hope that from



AT THE FACTORY OF THE SALFORD ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENTS CO.: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET BEING SHOWN SYNTHETIC JEWELS BY THE MANAGING DIRECTOR.

the ruins would arise a new Hall to be a monument to the glories of the past and an act of faith in the future. In the afternoon she opened a recreation ground provided at Gorton as a memorial to King George V. During the war the field was a balloon-barrage site, but has now been equipped with swings and other amusements for children by the National Playing Fields Association. The Princess also spent some time at the Salford Electrical Instruments factory.

## FROM INFANTS TO SIXTH FORM: R.A.F. CHILDREN AT SCHOOL IN SELETAR.



ACQUIRING FIRST STEPS TO KNOWLEDGE IN THE EASY, MODERN WAY: CHILDREN IN THE NURSERY CLASS AT THE R.A.F. MAINTENANCE BASE (FAR EAST), SELETAR SCHOOL.



SHOWING THE COUNTING-FRAMES WHICH TEACH THE INFANTS THAT TWO AND TWO MAKE FOUR, WHILE PROVIDING AMUSEMENT: THE NURSERY CLASS.



CLASS II.—IN WHICH THE CREATIVE INSTINCTS OF THE SIX- TO SEVEN-YEAR-OLDS HAVE FULL PLAY: THEY ARE MODELLING IN COLOURED PLASTICINE.



COMMERCIAL DRAUGHTSMANSHIP: CLASS IV., WHERE PUPILS OF NINE AND TEN LEARN THE LAY-OUT OF POSTERS. THEIR HANDWORK HAS BEEN USED TO ADVERTISE STATION ACTIVITIES.



CLASS V.—THE ART CIRCLE: CHILDREN OF NINE TO ELEVEN ARE SEEN MAKING PORTRAITS OF ONE OF THEIR NUMBER, WHO IS ACTING AS THE MODEL.



THE SIXTH FORM, FOR PUPILS RANGING FROM TWELVE TO FIFTEEN: THIS CLASS RECEIVES INDIVIDUAL TUITION. THE HEAD MISTRESS OF THE SCHOOL IS A FORMER L.C.C. TEACHER.

Sound education for children is vital to any country, and those who have felt disquiet at reports of the illiteracy of some of our young men and women will be glad to realise that children of the R.A.F. personnel overseas are certainly unlikely to fall into this category. Our photographs show classes at the R.A.F. Maintenance Base (Far East), Seletar School, typical of those at other R.A.F. stations abroad. It is

attended by some 200 pupils, who range from the ages of five to fifteen years, and consist of children of the R.A.F. officers and airmen at the base. The head mistress was formerly a London County Council School teacher and the staff of mistresses is drawn from the British residents in Singapore and families living at the base. In addition there is a Nursery Class, conducted by a Committee of Parents.

# R.A.F. CHILDREN AT SCHOOL IN MALAYA: OUTDOOR SPORTS AND HANDICRAFTS.



LINING UP FOR A 100-YARDS RACE: SENIOR BOYS OF THE R.A.F. MAINTENANCE BASE (FAR EAST), SELETAR SCHOOL AT A SWIMMING GALA.



SUPERVISED BY THE CUB MASTER, A LEADING AIRCRAFTMAN: MEMBERS OF THE WOLF CUB PACK GIVING THEIR CHARACTERISTIC SALUTE AS THEY STAND ROUND THEIR TOTEM POLE.



A STUDY IN CONCENTRATION: TWO OF THE CLASS I. PUPILS—SIX- TO SEVEN-YEAR-OLDS, GIVING THEIR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION TO THEIR RAFFIA WORK.



A FUTURE DESIGNER OF AIRCRAFT? A LITTLE PUPIL, SON OF A SERGEANT EQUIPMENT ASSISTANT AT THE BASE, WITH THE PLASTICINE MODEL AIRCRAFT HE IS CONSTRUCTING.



THE 80-YARDS SPRINT EVENT FOR GIRLS UNDER ELEVEN: THE FINISH OF AN EVENT AT AN ATHLETIC MEETING FOR CHILDREN OF THE MAINTENANCE BASE SCHOOL.



ENJOYING A TRADITIONAL COUNTRY DANCE: MEMBERS OF THE GIRL GUIDE COMPANY OF THE SELETAR SCHOOL. THE GUIDE CAPTAIN IS THE WIFE OF A WARRANT OFFICER.

On our facing page we give photographs of some of the pupils at the R.A.F. Maintenance Base (Far East) Seletar School for children of R.A.F. officers and aircraftmen stationed there, actually in class. On this page we illustrate some of their outdoor activities and also show two children engaged on handicrafts, which form an important section in any modern curriculum. - The Boy Scout and Wolf Cub

organisations are—as always—popular with the boys, and their sisters have their Girl Guides and Brownies. Outdoor activities are encouraged and special afternoon games are held under the supervision of the Base Physical Training Staff to see that the youngsters start out in the right way. Religious instruction is not forgotten, for all denominations have classes in school, and there are Sunday Schools.

## THROUGH THE EYES OF AN AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE.

"TELL THE WHITE MAN: The Life-Story of an Aboriginal Lubra." By H. E. THONEMANN.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THERE are a fair number of books in English about the Australian Aborigines. The best known are the solid anthropological ones which treat the Australian (and, after all, the Aborigine is more entitled to that name than anyone else) as an interesting survival from the Stone Age, who is an invaluable peg on which to hang disquisitions about Myth, Legend, Totemism, Exogamy and Endogamy. As a person he did come strongly into the limelight here long ago, when he came over in force to play cricket as the first Australian team. He had strange names like "Dirty Dick," and one or two of him died of our climate; but he made his runs and took his wickets at Lord's and the Oval and elsewhere and, when defeated at what was a new game to him, showed the spectators, after the matches, a prowess at boomerang-throwing and missile-dodging with which no W. G. Grace could hope to compete. He made such an impression that when, later, what is now regarded as the first visiting Australian team arrived, the British public was surprised to find they were not black men.

It is long since an Aborigine has played against our sides at cricket; I dare say that those old cricketers were drawn from tribes (in the southern and south-eastern coastal regions) which have now been exterminated by Progress and its auxiliary diseases, of which despair may be one. But remoter tribes still exist, notably in the Northern Territory; and, if the anthropologists are still busy with them (and why should they not be?), there has been a marked tendency, in recent years, to study them, and preserve them, not as mere specimens or animated fossils, but as fellow human beings. The last book I read which took that attitude was Mr. Jack MacLaren's "My Crowded Solitude"; the author lived and planted for many years, far from the nearest white man, in the Cape York Peninsula, and the blackfellows were perforce his employees, his charges and his friends: he recorded them and their ways and their landscape-background in sound, and occasionally beautiful, prose. But now comes a book as nearly first-hand as it could possibly be. The owner of a station, several hundred

not recognise, nor understand if she did." And certainly there are sentences which could never have come from "Bunny's" lips. But, fundamentally, the book has the ring of truth. She tells her story, and that of her people, and of their beliefs and simple adventures and enjoyments, in a thoroughly convincing way. The shadow of the white man (who can do so much good and so much evil to backward races) is over it all. "Buludja, or Bunny as she is known to us, is typical—excepting in the final, sad episode of her life [she was carted off as a suspected leper]—of many of her race who have experienced the white man's influence. We have heard a lot about the benefits of our civilisation, but little of how that civilisation appears to those conquered peoples who, in spite of, and often against, their will, become absorbed in it. It is the aim of this story to show how one race at least became degraded by contact with it, and how the strict Aboriginal code, breach of which often means death, was undermined by the low



AN ANIMAL WHOSE FLESH IS CONSIDERED A GREAT DELICACY BY THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES: AN IGUANA—NOTE THE LONG, FORKED TONGUE.

Illustrations from the book "Tell the White Man," reproduced by Courtesy of the publishers, Collins

ethical and moral standards of many of the white men. This, the history of the Mungari tribe since the white man invaded its hunting-grounds and stole its women, is told entirely from the Aborigines' point of view. How do they look upon us? What do they think and believe? What are their tribal laws and customs? It is a simple story because the Aborigines are a simple people—but in their simplicity lies their strength. Sophistication was their undoing."

"Bunny" is a symbolical figure; at one moment cooking in a white man's house, at another setting out for a "walk-about" with friends and relations, living on the country, sleeping rough, eating wild yams, crocodiles, fish, birds and kangaroos. Her frontispiece-photograph, showing her dressed, with her arms folded behind her broad back, and her eyes, underneath lowered and vigilant brows, staring at the beholder, is the picture of a dauntless charwoman who would co-operate if "treated proper," but would say "Go to hell" if she thought she was being put upon. The features, admittedly, even were the skin to be turned white, would be regarded as very much the reverse of Hellenic in these parts, though certain of our sculptors might think them ideal. But the face is the face of a shrewd and determined woman, and the gaze is the gaze of women we have known of our own kind. Yet, away from the station, she has been a nomad again; and, before she came under European influence (not always harmful) she smothered her first two children at birth because they might be (to use the term of some English landladies) "encumbrances." It is evident that the author, with love in his heart and curiosity in his brain, says "sursum corda" to her and her kind, and wishes to give them whatever good we can give them (which includes agriculture) and to let them retain their immemorial tribal character.

"Bunny" frequently speaks controversially. "We have our own way of life which is suited to the locality in which we live. We have our rights and customs which we obeyed until you white people tried to teach us they were wrong. Some of our people learned your ways, but mostly you only weakened our discipline and obedience. We lost our pride, which was very dear to us, and then you called us degenerates."

"Bunny" speaks again, pleased: for the Japs are attacking Darwin and her neighbourhood is full of generous troops. "All the time during the war we had lots and lots of visitors. They came nearly every day, often slept at the homestead, and usually came to see our camp. As by this time I had had my last baby, June, the visitors nearly always gave me some money with which to buy things. Our hardest work during your war was to get enough things to sell to the visitors. However, I am afraid we all grew very lazy and fat. I hope you have another big war soon."

"I hope you have another big war soon!"—what a commentary on the present state of the world! Dunkirk, Alamein, Stalingrad, Nagasaki, Hiroshima, the stealthy submarines, the blaze-obliterating atom bombs, the general holocaust of Europe's best: and a woman from a dying tribe in Northern Australia reminds us that "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

The book doesn't tell us where "Bunny" is now; whether she really had leprosy, was cured of her leprosy, or died of her leprosy. But her voice rings out of this book as that of a normal human being. Let it not be supposed that I am reviving the legend of the Noble Savage, or defending

infanticide, nature red in tooth and claw, or the keeping of a population at a level by battle, famine or plague. But she does speak for what (and I hope that all the Whig dukes and Tory squires won't turn in their graves as I say it) is called the "landed interest." She at least knows that milk does not grow in shops in tins; she at least won't think that plastic cheese is cheese; she at least won't think

that the bigger the towns the better the life. She is an agrarian; and I think that her sponsor should encourage her relatives to be agrarians, and live in reserves not entirely dependent on casual supplies of fish and iguana meat; we may not be able to raise them to the ineffable bliss of reading D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce, but we might at least be able to teach them to grow enough food to maintain themselves. In other words, to become settled farmers on their own account, instead of being wanderers scratching a living out of the settled white men, with their cooking to be done and their cattle to be rounded up ["The Overlanders" started from the author's station], and then disappearing into recesses of what used to be their own country.

"When you fought us to break down our rigid customs you did not make us adopt the better ones of yours. You exploited us, made us live in a manner contrary to our upbringing, and then punished us for not keeping your laws and for keeping our own. The result has been that we keep neither, as one is against our teaching and the other against your instructions, and so you call us outcasts or degenerates. Our moral beliefs have been swept aside, and we have been compelled to live in an atmosphere so strange that we fail to comprehend its meaning."

Long years ago, I was staying in the United States and sitting up with my host. A wailing sound came from far away. I asked my host what it was. He said: "It's the Death-Song of the Indians." There were a few Indians lingering in the neighbourhood. I felt like an Indian. This book has made me feel like an Australian Aborigine—though I confess I don't want to look like one.



PAINTED AND FEATHERED. FOR A CORROBOREE: THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF PUZZLE, A MEMBER OF THE MUNGARI TRIBE OF AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

Lubras, or women, are not allowed to go within hearing distance of a corroboree for "make 'n' young man." "Bunny," however, broke this rule and saw what she had thought to be white paint on the men was a mass of white feathers stuck on to their flesh with their own blood.

Photograph by Courtesy of "Sun," Sydney.

There is an agreeable interlude describing the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester to the station—a visit which seems to have been greatly enjoyed by "Bunny's" people.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 558 of this issue.



THE LUBRA (ABORIGINAL WOMAN) WHOSE STORY IS TOLD IN THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE; BULUDJA ("BUNNY").

"Tell the White Man," by H. E. Thonemann, which Sir John Squire reviews on this page, is the story of an Aboriginal woman of the Mungari tribe, whose territory is situated at The Elsey on the Roper River, Northern Territory, Australia. The author, managing partner of The Elsey Station where the Mungari live, adjoining the Yungman and Alawa tribes, has had every opportunity for studying them. For thirty years he has been in constant touch with them as the "Boss" who has cared for them, understood them and ministered to their needs. (Photo by H. E. Thonemann.)



WATER LILIES. THE SEEDS HANGING BELOW THE FLOWERS ARE USED TO MAKE FLOUR FOR "BLACK FELLOWS' BREAD."

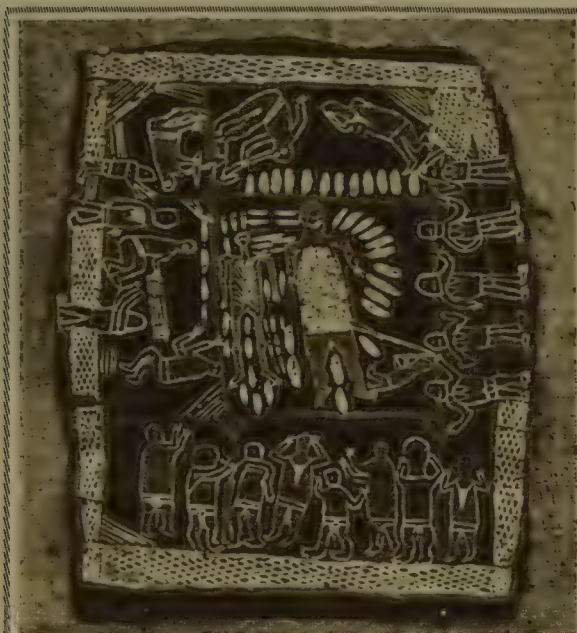
Photograph by Courtesy of Mr. E. Evans.

miles from Port Darwin, has written a book in which he sets down the adventures and thoughts of a black woman, who cannot write herself: he has listened to her, got under her skin, and become the interpreter of all her dying and bewildered race, which he still thinks may be saved (her tribe, encouraged, is going up in numbers) and is worth saving.

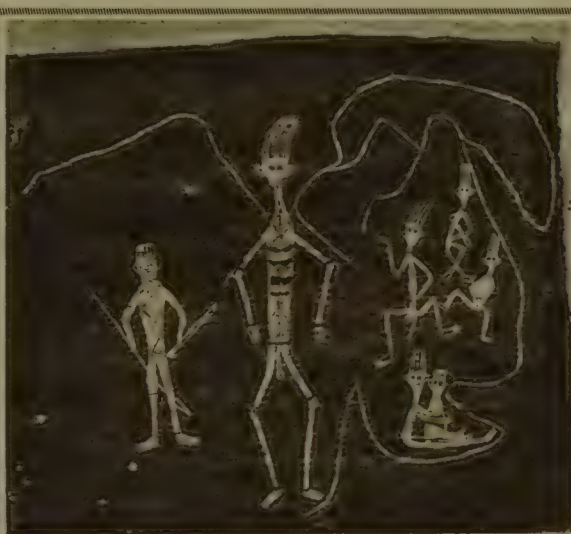
"Lubra" appears to be the Aboriginal name for "woman." The author says that "Bunny" told him her story; that "in translation much of the poetic quality of the Aboriginal tongue is lost"; and that "I have been forced at times, when a complicated or technical description demanded it, to use words and phrases that Buludja would

\* "Tell the White Man: The Life-Story of an Aboriginal Lubra." By H. E. Thonemann. Illustrated. (Collins; 12s. 6d.)

## AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL ART: INCLUDING REMARKABLE "STATUES."



SHOWING THE DEAD MAN, HIS SKELETON AND MOURNERS: A BARK PAINTING IN OCHRES, PIPECLAY AND CHARCOAL, REPRESENTING MORTUARY CEREMONIAL.



HOLDING A CEREMONY FOR A HUMAN WHOM THEY HAVE ENTICED TO THEIR CAMP: A BARK DRAWING OF THE MIMI SPIRITS, BELIEVED TO INHABIT ROCKY CAVES.



PAINTED ON SPECIALLY-PREPARED STRINGY BARK: A HUNTING SCENE IN WHICH KANGAROOS, PALM-TREES, YAMS AND EMU TRACKS ARE DISTINGUISHABLE.



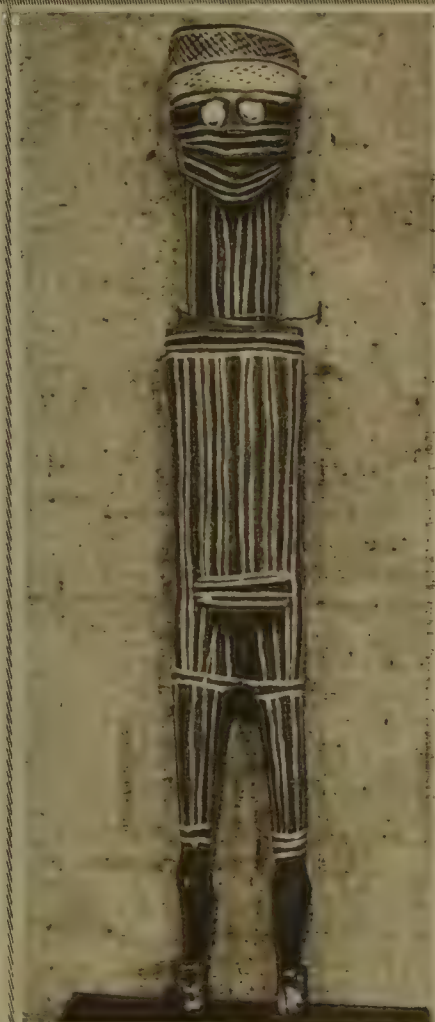
PAINTED WITH A DESIGN SYMBOLISING RAIN: A WOODEN FIGURE OF THE FEMALE KULTANA, WIFE OF THE MALE KULTANA, CHIPPED OUT WITH A STONE AXE.



IN THE TRADITION OF THE EARLIER "POST FIGURES": AN ARMLESS AND LEGLESS STATUE REPRESENTING BAIJINI, A CHARACTER MUCH VENERATED BY ABORIGINES.



DEPICTED WITH HIS FACE WHITE WITH THE SEA-FOAM: A STATUE OF LAINTJUNG, A VENERATED ANCESTRAL BEING SAID TO HAVE ISSUED FROM THE SEA.



BEARING THE "RAIN" DESIGN: THE MALE KULTANA, WHO IS BELIEVED TO MEET SPIRITS OF THE DEPARTED EN ROUTE FOR HEAVEN AND HELP THEM ON THEIR WAY.



MUSICIANS PLAYING THE DIDJERIDU (DRONE PIPE) AND CLAPPING-STICKS; A BARK PAINTING. INDONESIAN AND MACASSAN INFLUENCE IS NOTICEABLE IN MANY OBJECTS.



PAINTED WITH A DESIGN WHICH SIGNIFIES THE DEAD MAN'S TOTEMIC CLAN AND GROUP: THE SKULL OF AN ARNHEM LAND ABORIGINE.

THE strange, slightly sinister wooden statues which we reproduce on this page were shown at an exhibition of the Art of Australian Aborigines of Arnhem Land, Northern Australia, held in Sydney. These figures are described as the only known wooden statues completed "in the round" by Australian Aborigines and are a find of importance made by two young Australian anthropologists, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Berndt, who recently spent eighteen months among the Arnhem Land Aborigines. They gained their confidence, and obtained admission to their ceremonies by living in a camp near them, and learning their language; and were thus able to study their customs and mythology. Although of traditional Aboriginal inspiration and religious significance, some of the objects reveal Macassan and Indonesian influence. It has been suggested that the Arnhem Land

Aborigines acquired the power to carve three-dimensional figures from contact with native traders from the Macassar Archipelago who visited Northern Australia in their praus as early as the sixteenth century. This theory is supported by the fact that ancient Macassan praus (which have not visited Northern Australia for some fifty years) are represented in some of the recently-executed

bark paintings. These paintings include representations of ceremonial, and of events in the daily life of the Aborigines, and form an interesting pendant to the book, "Tell the White Man," reviewed on our facing page. The work of Mr. and Mrs. Berndt, like that of twenty other scientists, is part of a plan of anthropological research under the auspices of the Australian National Research Council, directed by the Professor of Anthropology, University of Sydney.



SHOWING MEMBERS OF THE PARTY OF FIFTEEN SCIENTISTS WHO HAVE REMAINED IN QUEEN MAUD LAND: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE NORSJEL AS SHE LEFT ON FEBRUARY 20.

MR. L. P. KIRWAN, Director of the Royal Geographical Society, writing in *The Times* last November, pointed out that the Norwegian-British-Swedish Antarctic Expedition to the Norwegian Dependency of Queen Maud Land was "a new venture in international co-operation, the exploration by air, dog-team and tracked vehicle of a region so far untouched by man." It is the first expedition of its kind in Polar history. Organized by the Norwegian Polar Institute, under the direction of Professor Harald Sverdrup, it sailed under the Norwegian flag from the Port of London in the autumn of 1949. A wintering party of fifteen men, and by the Norwegian Polar explorer Captain John Claver, has remained in the Antarctic with a view to spending two years in scientific exploration. British representatives in the expedition include four scientists—one a Canadian, and another an Australian; and the *Norsjel*, the expedition's ship, carried on.



FEATURING THE FROZEN ICE BARRIER IN WHICH MEMBERS OF THE R.A.F. UNIT HELPED TO FIND A BREAK WHICH MADE LANDING POSSIBLE: NORSJEL BAY, QUEEN MAUD LAND, IN THE ANTARCTIC CIRCLE, SEEN FROM THE BRIDGE OF THE NORSJEL.



THE NORSJEL LYING AT ANCHORAGE ON FEBRUARY 10, 1950: A VIEW OF "THE IMMACULATE WILDERNESS" OF THE ANTARCTIC. A WEASEL (SNOW TRACTOR) IS SEEN LEFT.

*Continued.* official Australian and a South African observer, and an R.A.F. unit consisting of two *Auster* aircraft equipped to use skis, floats or wheels, two pilots and three N.G.O. ground crews. The part played by the R.A.F. unit was vividly described in an interesting article by Squadron-Leader C. B. Walford, published in *The Times* on March 22. The writer refers to his "untutored pen," but it is certainly a gifted one. The "R.A.F. Summer tourists," as he has named the R.A.F. unit, were able to assist in finding a way for the *Norsjel* through the pack-ice, in the search for a landing place and base, and in reconnaissance of the area surrounding the base. Squadron-Leader C. B. Walford, commanding the R.A.F. unit in the expedition, describing his first air reconnaissance of the Antarctic, writes as follows: "I took off and flew to Cape Norvegia, reporting Seal Bay and the west

*(Continued below, left.)*



WITH ONE OF THE SPECIALLY FITTED *AUSTER* AIRCRAFT THEY USED: FLIGHT-LIEUT. H. TUDOR, SERGEANT P. WESTON, CORPORAL W. GILBEY AND SQUADRON-LEADER C. B. WALFORD, R.A.F. *Continued.* ice-bound but open water off the barrier to the east. The ice-cliffs were precipitous and high throughout. I returned to the ship, tracing a route for her to follow to the open water. The marvel of the scene that lay below me, on this my first flight over the continent, persuaded me that it would be folly for an untutored pen to attempt



LOADING DOGS ON TO THE NORSJEL FROM THE WHALE FACTORY SHIP *THORSHOLD*, WHICH THE NORSJEL MET ON JANUARY 14 AT THE EDGE OF THE ICE AREA.

to reflect the truth. The immaculate wilderness was unique and unforgettable." The *Norsjel* retired finally on February 20 with the R.A.F. unit on board, leaving the fifteen men of the expedition on Queen Maud Land. Fifty kilos of dynamite had to be used to release the *Norsjel* from the pack, and the rudder was damaged in the



WITH THE GREAT ICE BARRIER CLEARLY SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND: ONE OF THE SPECIALLY-FITTED AIRCRAFT PREPARATORY TO TAKING OFF ON FLOATS.



HAULING A SEAL ABOARD FROM THE ICE-FLOE: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE NORSJEL, THE SHIP OF THE NORWEGIAN-BRITISH-SWEDISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

process. During the voyage out from London to Cape Town the aircraft were carried on the *Norsjel's* after-deck in crates. At Cape Town, one was assembled and rigged to perch atwartships on the roof of the crate containing the other aircraft. Much bad weather was encountered and anxiety for the aircraft was felt, but the meeting on January 14 with the whale-factory ship the *Thorshold* to collect expedition

material and personnel was effected without the aircraft having suffered damage. "Our *Auster* aircraft," writes Squadron-Leader Walford, "designed only for short-range spotting work, proved themselves perfectly fitted to the task, and the modifications to the engine and radio, to adapt them to the cold, gave complete satisfaction. A somewhat novel feature... was the use of a private tape-recording machine linked to the radio."

AN R.A.F. UNIT IN "THE IMMACULATE WILDERNESS": THE JOINT NORWEGIAN-BRITISH-SWEDISH

EXPEDITION TO THE ANTARCTIC, IN WHICH AIRCRAFT, DOGS, AND TRACKED VEHICLES WERE USED.



A LESSON IN THE BACK-STROKE: BRUMAS, A BUNDLE OF VERY WET FUR, WATCHES IFFY DOING SOME EXPERT SWIMMING.



"BE A GOOD BEAR AND GO TO SLEEP": IFFY RETURNS TO AN INTERRUPTED NAP AFTER LAVING BRUMAS FLAT ON HER BACK WITH A PECK OF HER PAW.



"SH! WHISPER WHO DARES": TWO WORN-OUT BEARS ARE FAST ASLEEP AND PEACE HAS DESCENDED. ON THE POLAR BEARS' DEN, IFFY RESTS THE TIP OF ONE PAW ON HER CUB'S BACK AND THEN RELAXES.



"YOU'VE BEEN IN THE WATER QUITE LONG ENOUGH": IFFY HELPS HER NOT UNWILLING CUB OUT OF THE POOL.



"TIME FOR A LITTLE SOMETHING": BRUMAS SETTLES DOWN TO A MEAL SUPPORTED BY HER MOTHER'S OUTSTRETCHED PAW. IFFY ENJOYS A SHORT SPELL OF COMPARATIVE PEACE AND QUIET.



UNDETERRED BY HER MOTHER'S WARNING CROWL: BRUMAS STANDS FIRMLY ON IFFY'S HEAD AND MAKES A PIERCE ATTACK ON HER MOUTH.



APPARENTLY QUITE UNCONSCIOUS OF THE AMUSED CROWD GATHERED ROUND THE DEN: BRUMAS CREEPS UP IFFY'S BACK FOR A SURPRISE ATTACK.



"IS SHE REALLY ASLEEP OR IS SHE PRETENDING?": BRUMAS TRIES TO FORCE IFFY TO PLAY WITH HER AND INVESTIGATES THE PROSPECTS.

#### OLD POLAR BEAR CUB, WHOSE ANTICS ENTERTAIN THOUSANDS OF VISITORS TO THE ZOO.

number of people. *Brumas*, who was born on November 27, spends most of the day playing with *Ivy*, her mother. Sometimes *Ivy* manages to persuade her active child to take a nap, but it does not last long, *Brumas* is soon frolicking around again and gaily biting her mother's ears or nose. Although *Ivy* encouraged

*Brumas* to take her first bath on March 22, and the little bear now often joins her for a swim, the cub's fur is rather grey-looking from all her romping in the Polar Bears' Den. The enclosure next door to *Brumas*'s and *Ivy*'s is occupied by *Misha*, *Brumas*'s father, and his new mate, *Susie*.

#### LONDON'S CHIEF ATTRACTION DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS: BRUMAS, THE FOUR-MONTH-

Although we published photographs of *Brumas* and *Ivy* in our last issue, we make no apology for the further series of photographs on these pages, for there can be no doubt that London's chief attraction during the Easter holidays will be the baby bear at the London Zoo. Since *Brumas* was first seen by the public in

February, she has attracted enormous numbers of visitors. For the last week-end in March, the attendance figure was 31,694, whereas, for the same week-end in the previous year, the visitors numbered 18,084. So that it can be fairly said that the little bear has been the magnet that has attracted nearly double the

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A TANK REGIMENT OF THE HIGHLY TRAINED AND NEWLY EQUIPPED TURKISH ARMY PASSING THEIR DIVISIONAL COMMANDER AT THE SALUTE DURING A RECENT REVIEW.



PART OF A MASSIVE DISPLAY OF TURKISH MECHANISED UNITS (SEE PICTURE BELOW). ON THE LEFT, THE LEADING TANK, WEARING THE TURKISH FLAG.

ON these two pages we show some very interesting photographs, taken during a recent review of Turkish military might, which was staged near Ankara. The geographical position of Turkey, together with the "cold-war" attitude taken up by Russia on Turkey's north-east frontier, have combined to stress Turkey's strategic importance and have been the causes of her maintaining a formidable number of men in arms. Until a year or two ago it was estimated that half of the country's budget was spent in defence and that there were some 700,000 men in arms. Since then, however, there has been a very considerable scaling-down in the number, and the present Turkish Army is estimated at about 300,000 men. However, U.S. advice, materials and financial support have been pouring into the country in large quantities and the Army has been trained and organized on American lines and is now considered to

(Continued below, right.)



A GENERAL VIEW OF MECHANISED UNITS OF THE TURKISH ARMY AT A RECENT REVIEW NEAR ANKARA: THE ARMoured VEHICLES ARE MOSTLY U.S. AND BRITISH LIGHT TANKS AND HEAVILY GUNNED TANK DESTROYERS.



INFANTRY OF THE TURKISH ARMY MARCHING IN REVIEW FORMATION: MAINLY AMERICAN-TRAINED, THEIR UNIFORM AND STEEL HELMETS ARE ON THE BRITISH MODEL.



RECALLING THE BATTLE PICTURES OF THE LATE K. CATON WOODVILLE AND IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO THE TANK UNITS ABOVE: TURKISH CAVALRY CHARGING AT A REVIEW.

TURKEY AS AN OUTPOST OF THE WESTERN WORLD: IMPRESSIVE PICTURES OF THE NEWLY

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THE TURKISH AIR FORCE IS AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE TURKISH ARMY, AND USES FOR ITS TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT DAKOTAS, HERE SEEN FLYING IN FORMATION.



THUNDERBOLTS OF A SQUADRON OF THE TURKISH FIGHTER COMMAND FLYING IN FORMATION DURING AN ANKARA REVIEW. THE TURKISH AIR FORCE ALSO USES SOME SPITFIRES.

(Continued.) and Spitfires as fighters and reconnaissance aircraft; Mosquitos and Invaders as bombers; and Dakotas for military transport. It is organized in three divisions, and altogether there are about thirty-five first-line squadrons. The United States maintain a big military mission in Ankara, and supplies instruction of all kinds to the Army and Air Force. During the last three years hundreds of Turkish officers have been sent to America and to the U.S. Zone of Germany to study U.S. military training methods; and since the opening of the mission in Ankara more than 14,000 Turks have been completely trained under American supervision. Ten per cent. of these were officers. Turkish military service is for three years. Men are called up at the age of twenty and their liability for service lasts for twenty-six years. The total number which could be mobilised is said to be about 2,000,000; but the active war strength is in the neighbourhood of 500,000.



PART OF A COMPOSITE DIVISION OF THE TURKISH ARMY, SHOWING THE LIGHT BUT HIGHLY MOBILE EQUIPMENT, WHICH IS MOSTLY OF U.S. MANUFACTURE.



(Continued.) be a co-ordinated and fully efficient fighting force. As can be seen from the photograph, the Turkish soldier wears a battledress of British pattern and a steel helmet of a familiar model. The majority of his equipment, however, comes from America—although some of the fighting vehicles are British in origin. Owing to the largely rocky and mountainous nature of the country, heavy tanks are not of very great use, and the majority of the armour consists of light tanks and tank destroyers, mounting a 90-mm. gun. Seventy-five per cent. of the Turkish Artillery, it is stated, is armed with American guns, though the light A.A. weapon appears to be the familiar Bofors, which was, however, manufactured in quantity in America. The Turkish Air Force is an integral part of the Turkish Army, but it is said to be at present regarded as the weakest link in the defence forces. Its aircraft are of British and American origin and include Thunderbolts

(Continued above, right.)



MOBILE LIGHT ANTI-AIRCRAFT ARTILLERY OF THE TURKISH ARMY, WITH ARTILLERYMEN MANNING AMERICAN-MADE BOFORS GUNS.

REORGANISED AND RE-EQUIPPED TURKISH ARMY, TAKEN DURING A RECENT REVIEW AT ANKARA.

ALTHOUGH material about the Second World War is accumulating steadily, it is still no easy task to compile an account of the warfare at sea. This, it appears to me, is particularly true of the Pacific. It is not nearly so difficult in the case of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, which are simple by comparison. The Pacific record is not only complex but crowded, with at certain periods a succession of engagements probably in closer proximity in time and more numerous than in any naval war in history. Modern methods of maintenance and the supply of fuel at sea were practised on a greater scale and more effectively in those waters than in others. They permitted fleets to remain at sea for longer periods than since the days of sail, and, in fact, fleets fought each other more frequently than in the days of sail, partly because the power of the air arm made it more difficult for the fleet which might be inclined to avoid decisive action to do so. That great Admiral and seaman, Lord St. Vincent, put the tactical problem of his day in his rough language thus: "Two fleets of equal force can never produce decisive events unless they are equally determined to fight it out, or the commander of one of them bitches it so as to misconduct his line." This was no longer true to the same extent in the last war, least of all in the Pacific.

All this makes the task of the unofficial naval historian a stiff one at this stage. I opened Captain Creswell's short history of the naval war with no great enthusiasm, since I did not expect it to be particularly revealing.\* I had not read far, however, before I acquired for it a considerable measure of respect. The writer has made good use of the official material, British, American, German and Japanese. He has benefited from the advice and assistance of knowledgeable correspondents, including Vice-Admiral Forrest S. Sherman, formerly Chief of Staff to Admiral Nimitz. Finally, I am convinced that his own experience has, at least as regards British operations, given him a wide background of information, understanding and authority. He always gives the impression of being completely at home in his subject. His narrative has so authoritative an air that it seems a pity he has not annotated it to a greater extent to give his sources. I should also have appreciated more comment and criticism, though what is provided is all to the point.

Captain Creswell's tone is restrained to the point of lacking colour at times, but the moderation and absence of bias of his narrative will be recognised as assets in the long run. He makes it clear to what an extent the British Navy was starved of air support in the earlier stages of the war, but he does not indulge in angry recriminations on the subject. He succeeds in setting out technicalities in language intelligible to all. The value and limitations of Asdic equipment, the development of Radar in its various forms, the acoustic torpedo, the immense technical changes in the mounting of amphibious operations, the subtler and less easily grasped side of the influence of air power, and—a point already mentioned—the increasing ability to keep fleets at sea and at vast distances from fixed bases by means of what may be called mobile floating bases, all these are clearly and competently described. We all possess a good general idea of how the naval situation was affected by the German conquest of Norway, the Low Countries and France, but we can hardly fail to understand it better after reading his account of what followed. In the same way, he shows how the loss of Crete, besides its direct and obvious effects, consolidated the position of the enemy by permitting his shipping to ply to the Black Sea, relieved him of anxiety about the maintenance of the Dodecanese garrisons, and added to the isolation of Turkey.

He deals satisfactorily with the submarine warfare, especially the Battle of the Atlantic, but foreshortens it by comparison with his account of surface warfare. This would seem to be permissible and even desirable in a short history of the whole war at sea. In submarine warfare tendencies are more important than events. It is well to record certain events in detail, to describe day by day, for example, the fate of certain Atlantic, Malta and Russian convoys, as Captain Creswell in fact does. In the main, however, the significance of this form of warfare is to be found in the methods, devices and equipment of either side, and the extent to which the challenge of novelties introduced by one is successfully met by the ingenuity of

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. A RECORD OF THE WAR AT SEA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

the other. He concludes that the German submarines were defeated more completely in the Second than in the First World War. "In the battles of 1943 they had been eliminated as a vital danger: their campaign of 1945 had failed to do more than inflict slight losses on shipping and had incurred a steadily rising rate of casualties. From July to October 1918 an average strength of thirty-eight submarines at sea sank about 230,000 tons of shipping a month. From January to April 1945, though the mean number at sea was nearly sixty, the average monthly loss inflicted on allied shipping was only 63,000 tons."

One of the few severe criticisms which Captain Creswell permits himself as regards the European theatre of war concerns Malta. After bringing out the vast sacrifice and strain which had to be put forth to maintain it, he decides, with good reason, that they were justified strategically by

conclusions from the narrative. This is the case with what must appear to many the most striking feature of the naval warfare in the Pacific, the enormous change which took place in the relative fighting efficiency of the opposing forces. The Americans, building up vast naval forces at a great pace, and training the personnel hastily, could not at first produce the necessary skill and discipline to gain the benefit of

their appliances—Radar and radio-telephony, for example—though these were even at this stage superior to those possessed by the Japanese. This fact is well illustrated by two night actions fought in the Kula Gulf, west of New Georgia, in the summer of 1943, actions of which few but students of the period have ever heard. In each case American preponderance was great; in the second instance, three light cruisers and ten destroyers against one light cruiser and four destroyers, and the Japanese were without Radar. Yet the enemy, chiefly through excellently trained night look-outs and good tactics, gave as good as he got, if not a little more.

And this was long after the tide had in fact turned. This turning of the tide, however, which perhaps began at Midway, had been brought about in the first instance by a factor which did not enter into the two night actions,

the superiority of the American carrier-borne aircraft and pilots. It took longer to attain a similar ascendancy in gunnery and torpedo tactics in surface warfare, and the extent of this was strikingly limited in the Pacific; but the way in which the Americans went ahead in air warfare is truly astonishing. The contests between the carrier-borne aircraft tended to become farcically one-sided. A village football team would put up as good a fight against a League side as these wretched Japanese pilots were putting up against the Americans by 1944. In the air phase of the Battle of the Philippine Sea in June of that year, the Japanese are believed to have lost some 400 aircraft shot down out of about 545, carrier-borne and land-based, engaged, besides those which went down in two carriers. The Americans lost in action seventeen fighters out of nearly 300 engaged. With the war taking the form it did, such overwhelming superiority in the air in itself made the issue inevitable.

In case I have concentrated too much on the Pacific and the American operations in its waters, I must add that in his earlier pages Captain Creswell shows how great was the British achievement in the Mediterranean against the Italians. Here the enemy had a superiority of strength which at periods became very great. He was defeated again and again, though not, except at Matapan, with heavy loss, by a combination of great boldness and tactical skill of the highest order. The risks taken on our side were heavy, because so much depended upon the survival of our fleet in those days of our general weakness. Yet these risks were calculated and not extravagant, except when they had to be, in the re-arming of Malta and the succouring of our then generally luckless armies in time of adversity. These episodes shine forth as magnificent examples of the highest naval traditions: on the one hand, in independent action to seek out and defeat the enemy, on the other in co-operation with the sister Service; in sacrificial tasks carried out in a spirit of the purest abnegation. The crowning glory of the achievement is found in the Navy's

return to Malta and the use of that base to prey on the enemy's supply lines when humanly possible.

It appears to me that with only a few extra pages Captain Creswell might have dealt with several incidents which are not without interest or importance. The exploit of the cutting-out of the *Altmark* is not mentioned, for example; neither is there allusion to the British plans for aid to Finland through Norway, which had an effect upon the expedition sent to the latter country after the German invasion. The unsatisfactory and abortive American attempt to relieve Wake Island in 1942 is passed by. The final plan for the invasion of Japan, which did not prove necessary, is not touched upon. I realise, however, from my own experience, that the author of a compilation of this sort has to make up his mind firmly where he is going to stop, so I put these points as questions rather than criticisms. I have already said enough to show how highly I regard this short history of the naval war. At this stage it is a remarkable achievement and, though material will continue to accumulate rapidly, I do not expect to see it superseded in its own field for a considerable time to come.



HEAVILY ATTACKED BY ENEMY AIRCRAFT: THE CRUISER CLEOPATRA OF THE HOME FLEET DURING EXERCISE "LONGREACH," IN WHICH THE HOME AND MEDITERRANEAN FLEETS RECENTLY TOOK PART.



AN EXERCISE WHICH ENDED IN BOTH SIDES CLAIMING ANNIHILATION OF THE OPPOSING FORCES: "LONGREACH," WHICH ENDED ON MARCH 21, SHOWING AN INCIDENT DURING THE "BATTLE" WHEN A SUNDERLAND FLEW OVER FRIENDLY "REDLAND" DESTROYERS ON ITS WAY BACK TO BASE AFTER SHADOWING THE "BLUELAND" ENEMY. Exercise "Longreach," in which the Home and Mediterranean Fleets had been taking part, came to a sudden end on March 21 when the chief umpire, Admiral Sir Arthur Power, Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Fleet, ruled the exercise at an end. With all the naval forces of "Blue" and "Red" fully engaged, a situation arose in which both sides claimed annihilation of the opposing forces. On March 26 all thirty-six ships of the Home and Mediterranean Fleets which took part in the exercise arrived at Gibraltar to stay five days, and engage in a full programme of inter-Fleet sporting and social events.

the results. But he goes on to say that what happened might have been largely foreseen and that provisions and supplies might have been accumulated and air defence provided at relatively trifling cost. "In the belated rearmament of the pre-war years such things were too easily swamped by urgent needs nearer home and Malta had been left ill-defended and unprepared for its ordeal. For this neglect the Fates had exacted a heavy price in warships, merchant ships and lives." The writer also condemns the policy of holding on to Hong Kong. Dealing with the great controversy of the Battle for Leyte Gulf, the luring away of Admiral Halsey with the main American fighting force by Ozawa's diversion from the north, he condemns, not the Admiral, but the command organisation. There should have been, he considers, one commander responsible for all naval measures to protect the expedition; if there had been, he does not think it would have thus been stripped of the whole main fighting force.

It has already been suggested here that the book might have been improved by more comment, but in many cases the intelligent reader will be able to draw his own

\* "Sea Warfare 1939-1945: A Short History." By John Creswell, Captain, R.N. (Longmans, Green and Co.; 25s.)



SEEN BY 100,000 PEOPLE IN LONDON AND NOW TO TOUR NORTH AMERICA:  
THE NEEDLEWORK CARPET MADE BY QUEEN MARY TO HELP THE DOLLAR DRIVE.

Queen Mary has spent eight years in making the carpet in *gros point* needlework of eighteenth-century design which we illustrate. On January 27 it was announced that Mr. Attlee had accepted it on behalf of the nation as her Majesty's second gift to the dollar drive. Her first—six chair-seats in *gros point*—was purchased for 10,000 dollars by Mrs. E. Harkness and presented to the Metropolitan Museum, New York. The only condition which Queen Mary has made in connection with the carpet is that its final destination should be some public institution. When on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum 100,000 people

saw it, and the entrance fees paid will help to defray the cost of exhibition during its pre-sale tour of North America, arranged by a committee under the presidency of the Dowager Marchioness of Reading. It sailed in the *Queen Mary* on March 15, travelling in a special chest of English oak lined with stainless steel and cushioned with quilting. It was due for exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, New York, on March 21-25 and its itinerary is then Ottawa, Washington, and other cities in Canada and the U.S.A. It is 10 ft. 2 ins. by 6 ft. 9½ ins., and all save one panel bear the Royal signature. The first is dated 1941.



THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON IN 1666 BY AN EYE-WITNESS: THE SCENE FROM THE SOUTH BANK, BY THOMAS WYCK (1616-1677), WITH OLD ST. PAUL'S (CENTRE) AMID THE FLAMES.

"We staid still, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long; it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made and the cracking of houses at their ruins. So home with a sad heart . . ." wrote Samuel Pepys in September, 1666, after he had been out and about in London during the Great Fire which broke out in the morning of September 2 of that year and raged through the City for four days, destroying old St. Paul's, the Royal Exchange, Guildhall, and the Custom House, and devastating an area of

273 acres within the City walls and 63 without. The water-wheel by London Bridge was early destroyed and thus the water supply to the neighbouring parts of the City was cut off. The fire-fighting appliances of the period consisted chiefly of iron hooks on poles for pulling down the blazing wooden houses, axes and ladders, and the sole means of projecting water were brass hand squirts worked by three men. On September 4, that indefatigable diarist Pepys recorded "How horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits, and indeed it was extremely dreadful for it looks just as if it was at us and the whole heaven on fire. . . . Now begins"

the practice of blowing up houses in Tower Street, which at first did frighten people more than anything; but it stopped the fire where it was done . . ." In addition to this vivid account from which we quote there are contemporary paintings of the terrible scene. Thomas Wyck, a Dutch artist who came to this country in the Restoration and enjoyed considerable success, depicted the Great Fire more than once. The painting by him which we reproduce shows the conflagration as seen from the South Bank of the Thames. Old London Bridge lies to the right centre, old St. Paul's stands, an empty shell, amid the flames in the centre, and the Tower of London is on the extreme right. The

river is covered with craft just as Pepys saw it, "Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off . . ." and he also describes how the King and the Duke of York went on the river in their barge, and adds "River full of lighters and boats taking in goods and goods swimming in the water. . . ." All those who were in London during the war years will recollect the terrible fires kindled through enemy attack by explosive and incendiary bombs, and will be able to compare Wyck's representation of the Great Fire of 1666 in which 13,200 houses were burnt with their own recollection of our City's ordeal of the "blitz."

Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Edward Speelman.



THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE "AQUITANIA": PASSING THROUGH THE NARROWS OF THE GARELOCH, EN ROUTE FOR THE "SHIPS' GRAVEYARD."

THE famous old *Aquitania* completed her final voyage, the 443rd of her long and glorious career, on Tuesday, February 21, when she arrived at the Clyde, where she was built thirty-six years ago. Our colour photograph by Mr. Ian Gilchrist shows her—the last of the great four-funnelled Atlantic liners and the largest ship to pass through the 150-yard-wide channel between Rhu Point and Rosneath—being nursed through the narrows of the Gareloch, *en route* for Faslane, the ships' graveyard where she is being broken up. She was built by Messrs. John Brown at Clydebank, where she was launched in April, 1913, served through the 1914-18 war as an armed merchant cruiser, transport and hospital ship, and through the 1939-45 war as troop transport. It is estimated that during her life she has steamed 3,000,000 miles and carried 1,200,000 passengers. She did not pass on her way unhonoured for, as she sailed up the Firth of Clyde, a submarine signalled "R.I.P.," a frigate flashed "We are proud to have met you," and a Fleet auxiliary, "Good-bye, Old Faithful." As she altered course her whistle echoed across the Scottish hills, and at the close of the day she was edged to the wharf at Faslane, where she is being broken up. That evening the crew of 240, including twenty-seven supernumeraries, left the ship, leaving eight men. These included the chief engineer, who made his first voyage in the *Aquitania* when she first came out. The preliminaries of the last journey of the 53,000-ton liner were impressive. On February 18 the Cunard and White Star house flags were hauled down. Eight bells were struck, and the Last Post sounded, and on the following day she moved out into Southampton Water escorted by tugs, to begin her last voyage. The ceremony was attended by many distinguished persons, and a message from the chairman of the Cunard Company was read by the Master.



NOT A SEA-MONSTER BUT A SUBMARINE EXERCISING IN THE CHANNEL: ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS TO BE TAKEN OF "SNORT" APPARATUS IN USE.



AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THROUGH THE PERISCOPE OF H.M.S. TRESPASSER; SHOWING THE AFTER PERISCOPE (LEFT) AND THE TOP OF THE "SNORT" MAST.

THE "SNORT" DEVICE IN USE: FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF A SUBMERGED SUBMARINE RUNNING ON HER DIESEL ENGINES.

The photographs on this page are unusual in that they are among the first to show the "Snort" apparatus in use. The "Snort," an improvement on the "Schnorkel" device used by the Germans in the war, enables a submarine to run, while submerged, on its Diesel engines, and therefore at a greater speed. Our

photographs were taken while submarines were exercising in the Channel, and one shows the "Snort" device as seen through the periscope of H.M.S. *Trespasser*, a "Patrol type" submarine armed with one 4-in. gun and carrying seventeen torpedoes. All vessels of this "T" class are believed to have "Snort" equipment.

# A TYPE OF WARSHIP WHICH TWICE HAS LIFE ABOARD A MODERN SUBMARINE



A DEVICE WHICH HAS INCREASED THE RANGE AND STRIKING POWER OF A SUBMERGED SUBMARINE: THE "SNORT" MAST BEING RAISED ABOARD H.M.S. TRESPASSER.



THE CRAMPED SPACE ABOARD A SUBMARINE: A VIEW LOOKING FORWARD IN THE CONTROL-ROOM TOWARDS THE STEERING POSITION AND ENGINE TELEGRAPHS.

The Navy Estimates for 1950-51 show that the Royal Navy's major rôle in any future war would be the protection of shipping against attack by submarines, a task which has been intensified since the war by such submarine developments as the "snort" apparatus, which has made it possible for submarines to remain submerged for long periods without the need to surface for battery-charging, so increasing their range and striking power. Also the invention of the "homing" torpedo (illustrated on pages 548-549 in this issue) makes this type of weapon even more deadly than it has already proved to be. In order that our surface

(Continued opposite.)

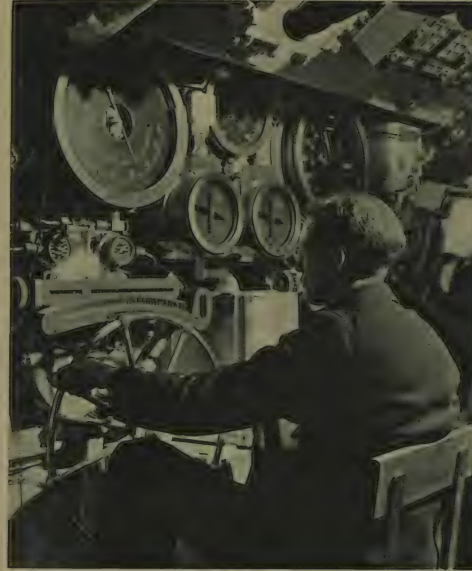


ALLOWING AIR TO BE DRAWN INTO THE SUBMARINE WHILE SUBMERGED: A STOKER-MECHANIC OPERATING THE FLAP VALVE ON THE "SNORT" INDUCTION TRUNK.



A DEADLY WEAPON WHICH IS BECOMING EVEN MORE EFFECTIVE: LOADING A TORPEDO INTO ONE OF THE STARBOARD TUBES ON BOARD H.M. SUBMARINE THULE.

# CHALLENGED OUR NAVAL SUPREMACY: IN THE CHANNEL DURING EXERCISES.



AT PERISCOPE DEPTH IN THE CHANNEL: AN ENGINEER ARTIFICER AT THE AFTER-HYDROPLANE CONTROLS IN H.M.S. THULE WATCHING THE TRIM OF THE VESSEL.



AT THE PERISCOPE DURING EXERCISES IN THE CHANNEL: THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF TRESPASSER, LIEUTENANT C. M. HARWOOD, R.N., WITH (RIGHT) RATINGS AT THE HYDROPLANE CONTROLS.

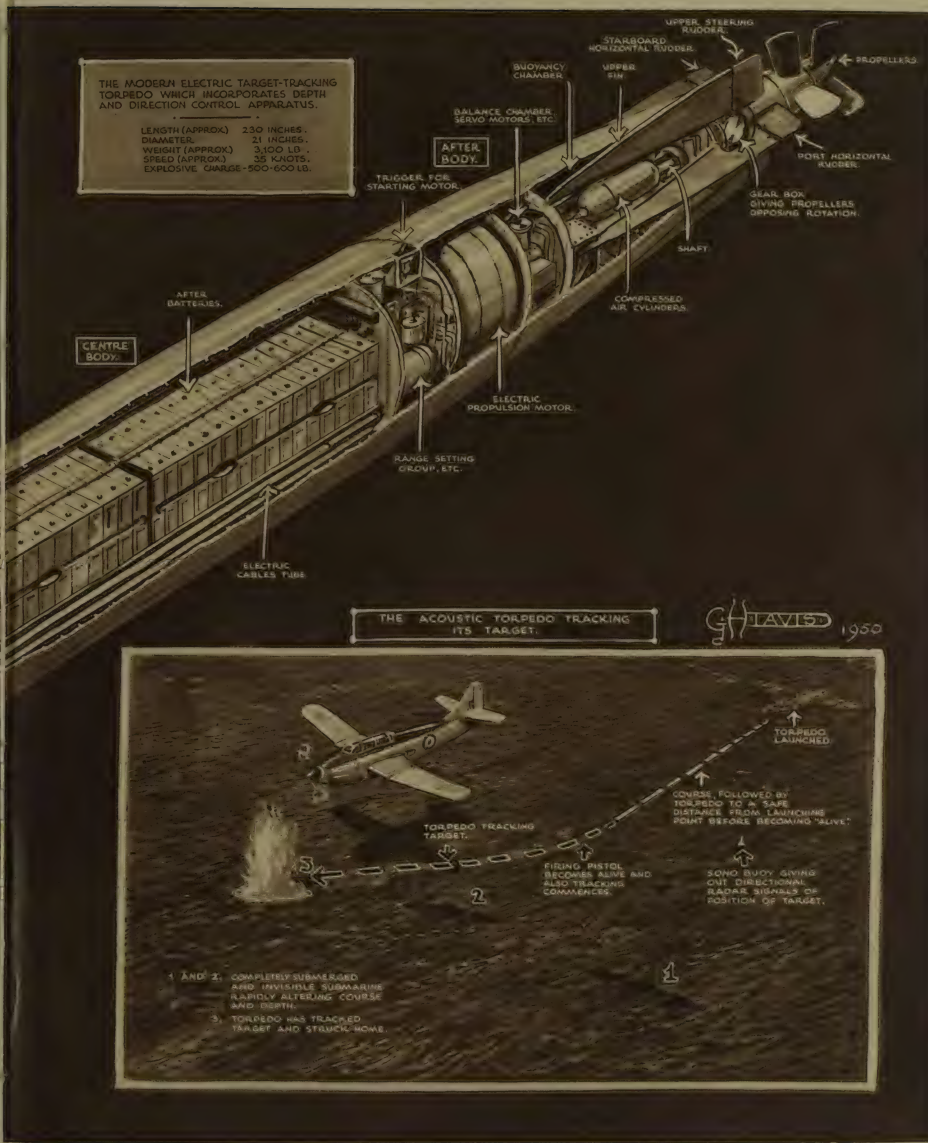
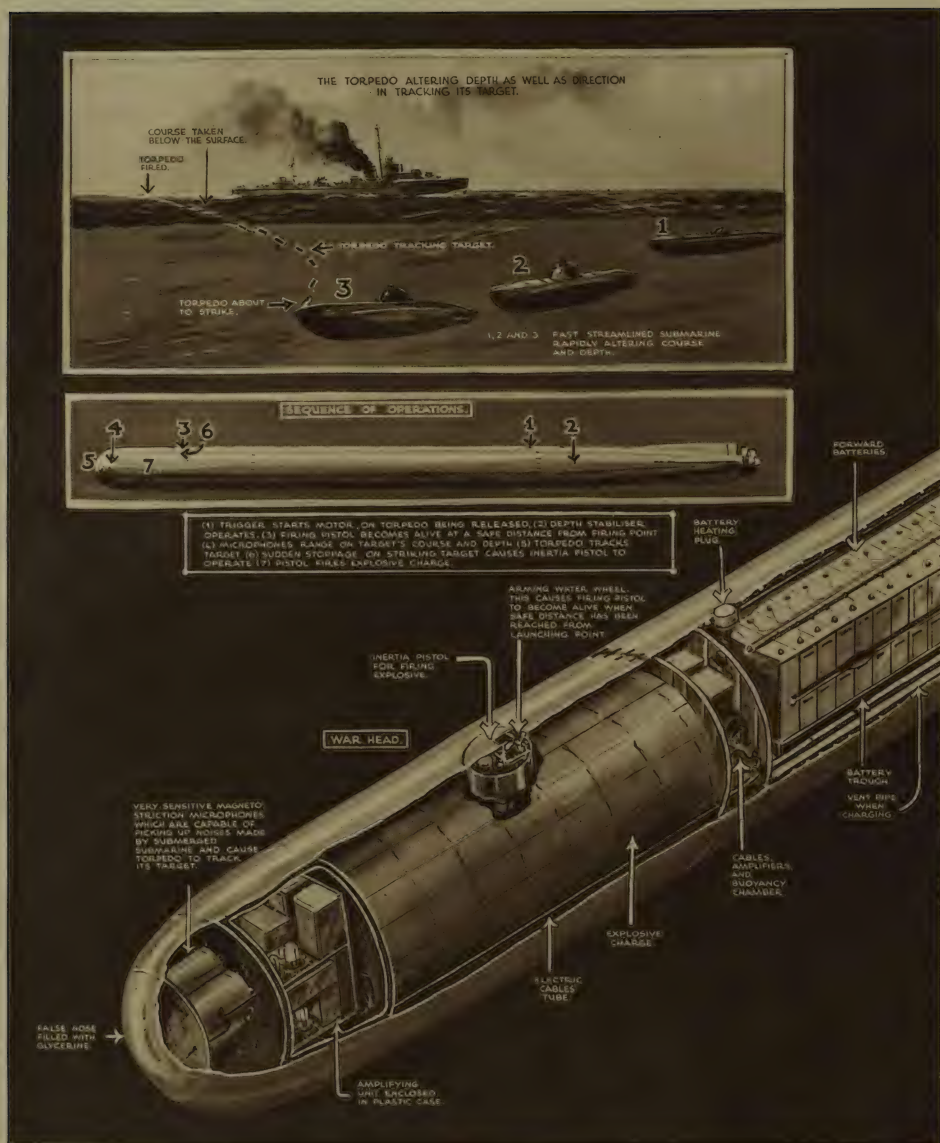


WEARING THE NAVY'S NEW IMMERSION SUIT AND DAVIS ESCAPE APPARATUS: A SUBMARINER DEMONSTRATING THE METHOD OF ESCAPE IN EMERGENCY ABOARD H.M.S. THULE.



APPARATUS KNOWN ON BOARD AS THE "FRUIT MACHINE": THE SUBMARINE'S TORPEDO-DIRECTOR IN OPERATION DURING AN "ATTACK" IN CHANNEL EXERCISES.

Continued.] forces can gain experience of anti-submarine work, it is essential that our own underwater craft should be kept up-to-date and incorporate every kind of modern device available to an enemy. For this reason research is being made into every form of propulsive power for submarines, including hydrogen-peroxide fuel, which may give underwater speeds of 25 knots or more. Our photographs were taken by special permission of the Admiralty inside British submarines at sea while they were taking part in an exercise in the Channel, and show the necessarily cramped accommodation in which the crews of submarines work.



### AN ACOUSTIC TORPEDO WHICH SEEKS OUT ITS PREY: THE NEW ANTI-SUBMARINE WEAPON

In presenting the Navy Estimates for 1950-51 in the House of Commons on March 22, Mr. Callaghan, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, spoke about the Navy's research work, in which the highest priority is given to the development of anti-submarine weapons for ships and aircraft, and said that in the experimental stage were new types of homing torpedoes that might be launched from the surface or from aircraft or fired from under the surface. These torpedoes would nose out the enemy submarine, and would then set their own course and home on the submarine in due course. The homing, or target-

tracking, torpedo was first used by the Germans during the war, but its effectiveness has been considerably increased by the post-war research carried out by the Royal Navy. The torpedo is electrically propelled, and so does not leave a tell-tale wake of bubbles in its track, but sinks to its predetermined depth and proceeds, invisible, towards its target at a speed of about 40 m.p.h. When it has gone a safe distance from the launching-point, the revolution counter of the water-wheel in the warhead releases the safety device of the firing pistol and arms it so that on contact with any solid object the inertia fuse functions and detonates

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

### WHICH ALTERS COURSE AND DEPTH IN PURSUIT OF ITS TARGET, DIAGRAMMATICALLY EXPLAINED.

the tremendous charge of high explosive in the warhead. At the same time as the fuse is armed, the magnetostriction microphones in the nose come into operation and pick up the noises coming from the target, whether it is a surface ship or a submerged submarine. No matter how often course is altered the torpedo follows its target. If the noises are picked up more strongly by the port microphone, then it sends an electrical message, "boosted up" by amplifiers on the way, to the servo-motors which, in turn, move the rudders and alter the torpedo's course to port. In the latest torpedoes a further set of microphones

are used to enable the torpedo to follow a submarine when it goes deeper to escape its pursuers. These microphones actuate the horizontal rudders and so change the torpedo's course upwards or downwards as required. These torpedoes can be used in conjunction with the Sono buoys, which were fully illustrated in our issue of July 9, 1949. Briefly, they are dropped from aircraft in an area where a submarine is believed to be submerged, and send out signals which reveal its position and changes of course. Many of the details of the "homing" torpedo are still secret, but our drawings illustrate its general principles.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### MAINLY ABOUT BOOKS ON BIRDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

ANYONE wishing to possess a copy of every book on birds appearing in this heyday of ornithology would need in a short time to move into a larger house. Here are five worth having, however, even if their acquisition does make the sides of the bookcase bulge.

In "The Yellow Wagtail" (Collins: New Naturalist Monographs; 12s. 6d.), Dr. Stuart Smith gives a fully documented account, covering seven years of personal observation. With it are correlated all the published records of this sub-species. The result is a very lucid and closely detailed account of every aspect of the biology of this bird, together with extensive appendices on breeding, distribution, and on the parasites of wagtails. Particularly good reading is to be found in the chapters on migration and those describing the nesting, incubation and the feeding of the young. There are occasions when that convenient omnibus word "instinctive" is somewhat overworked, and dogmatic statements made which are not justified by the evidence presented. On the other hand, in the actual presentation of his observations the author conveys a wealth of information, patiently and carefully amassed.

A particularly pleasing chapter is that entitled "The Story of a Name." In this Dr. Smith gives a simple explanation of the basic principles of zoological nomenclature. A very useful chapter.

Descriptions of aggressive and nuptial display, nest-building and the like, must necessarily be detailed almost to the point of tedium. If there is any criticism to be made of this otherwise excellent volume it is that the author too often carries his detailed explanations on beyond the point of necessity. For example, on page 19, having shown that the migration route is 3000 miles, and that it is covered in thirty days, he carefully works out for the reader, two lines further on, that this is "approximately 3000 miles in thirty days, or 100 miles a day." Even my limited arithmetic does not need this aid.

A sister-book, "The Redstart" (Collins: New Naturalist Monographs; 12s. 6d.), is provided by John Buxton, who started his close observation of this species in 1941 in a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany. His study is concerned principally with the lives of four pairs of redstarts, and it includes notes compiled during continuous watching totalling 850 hours during the months of April, May and June, 1943. Together with these personal observations, the author has brought together and summarised all the known data on this species, so that the pattern of the book closely follows that of the yellow wagtail, and, like it, includes an extensive bibliography, a good index and appendices. The styles of the two authors differ markedly, however, and at this moment I should be put to it to decide whether I prefer the meticulously precise style of Stuart Smith, or the more easy prose of John Buxton. The latter, on the other hand, provides a refreshing counterpoise to the modern tendency to interpret animal behaviour exclusively in terms of genes, hormones, external stimuli and what have you. "I beg that they will go to look at the redstarts, till they know (as I know), that however

much satisfaction there may be in tying up facts in neat parcels of theory, there is yet more in the mere observation." There is much truth in this; and, moreover, we are not wanting examples in the annals of biology of animals observed behaving in a way that was mathematically impossible. Perhaps here we have hit upon the great charm and value of the New Naturalist Monographs published to date, that the bulk of their contents is a record of pure observation and that theory is subsidiary to it.

have Macdonald in your pocket, you need Coward at home, and it is good to know that a new edition of this standard work (or is it now a classic?), "The Birds of the British Isles," 3 Vols. (Coward: Frederick Warne; 17s. 6d. per volume), has been issued. The edition has been entirely revised by A. W. Boyd, who, while leaving Coward's personal observations and opinions, has included the wealth of new information which has accrued since the books were first written.

The fifth in this series of desirable books on ornithology is "British Waders in Their Haunts"

(S. Bayliss Smith: Bell; 21s.), with a very readable text illustrated with some eighty-odd first-class photographs. Waders are troublesome beggars to study since they love to frequent the mud-flats and other inaccessible places, so that the recognition of them is rendered difficult. The photographs presented here will help enormously in this. Bayliss Smith has in some respects treated a group (the waders) in the way that Stuart Smith and Buxton have treated a single species. One more comment: in his historical review of the study of waders, he quotes E. T. Booth's account of a "successful" day on Breydon: "I remember one autumn, that, besides above thirty knots, I obtained at a single discharge of the punt-gun, specimens in larger or smaller numbers of the following species: Ruff, Redshank, Pigmy-Curlew, Dunlin, Stint, Greenshank, Spotted Redshank and Golden Plover." Truly, "impressive but nauseating." Some of us walk miles to-day merely in the hope of seeing some of these.

"Foreign Birds for Garden Aviaries" (Alec Brooksbank: Cage Birds; 10s. 6d.) belongs, of course, to an entirely different category. To those whose delight it is to keep birds under restricted circumstances here is an authoritative work on their care, with a sprinkling of biological notes and many good photographs.

There are doubtless those who may wonder why Stuart Smith should spend seven years watching yellow wagtails: why John Buxton should pass his time as a prisoner-of-war watching redstarts: why anyone should tramp abroad with Macdonald in his pocket, and come home to study Coward: why Bayliss Smith should spend hours photographing waders. Well, Keith McKeown gives the answer in "Nature in Australia" (Angus and Robertson; 12s. 6d.).

McKeown lulls us into a state of apathy with an unattractive title, a not very good dust jacket, and a first chapter full of somewhat sentimental quotations in prose and verse about the "love of Nature." Then he hits out, and in the rest of the book gives us an enthralling summary of natural history, but all the time hammering home the fact that if the earth is becoming sterile, if food is running short, if the countryside is rendered less amenable, it is because of the lack of a sympathetic understanding of "Nature," particularly by our forefathers (though the fault is not wholly theirs!). McKeown's book can be enjoyed by anyone, but is particularly suitable to the enquiring beginner—to whom it can be highly recommended.



SOME BRITISH WADERS IN FLIGHT: A COMPOSITE DRAWING BY BASIL LAKER IN WHICH HE HAS RECORDED THE ESSENTIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF WADERS ON THE WING.

The drawing shows: (A) Purple Sandpiper; (B) Curlew; (C) Whimbrel; (D) Spotted Redshank; (E) Greenshank; (F) Redshank; (G) Avocet; (H) Black-winged Stilt; (I) Reeve; (J) Oyster-catcher; (K) Bar-tailed Godwit; (L) Black-tailed Godwit.

Reproduced from "British Waders in Their Haunts"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, G. Bell and Sons, Ltd.

I have heard a certain amount of spoken criticism among ornithologists of "Birds of Britain: A Guide to the Common Species" (Bell; 8s. 6d.), in which Mr. J. D. Macdonald has tried to produce a pocket guide for ready use in the field. There is only one way to review a book of this kind—that is, to slip it into the pocket and take it out on one's walks abroad. This I have done for several months past, and have found it an effective aid to quick identification. The coloured plates and numerous drawings by Phyllida Lumsden add considerably to the value of the book. It has shortcomings, of course; to be expected in a small book covering a wide subject, but it will go into the pocket, and it does do its work. But if you

# THE KING OF SIAM RETURNS HOME FOR HIS WEDDING AND CORONATION: BANGKOK SCENES.



WITH THE KING OF SIAM ON BOARD: THE SIAMESE LIGHT CRUISER *SRI AYUTHIA* ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL LANDING-STAGE IN BANGKOK ON MARCH 24.



LEAVING THE THRONE ROOM OF THE ROYAL PALACE IN BANGKOK: KING PHUMIBOL ADULDET SHORTLY AFTER HIS RETURN HOME.



ARRIVING AT THE ROYAL LANDING-STAGE TO GREET THE KING: THE PRIME MINISTER, PIBUL SONGKRAM, AND HIS WIFE.



CARRYING THE SYMBOLS OF AUTHORITY WHICH WILL BE HANDED TO THE KING ON HIS CORONATION DAY: ROYAL BEARERS IN BANGKOK.



PREPARING FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE YOUNG KING: ROYAL BODYGUARDS AND THEIR BAND ARRIVING AT THE LANDING-STAGE IN BANGKOK.



RETURNING HOME AFTER SPENDING THREE YEARS STUDYING IN SWITZERLAND: THE KING OF SIAM DRIVING THROUGH HIS CAPITAL.

On March 24, with traditional Oriental pageantry, Bangkok, the capital of Siam, greeted King Phumibol Aduldet, the twenty-two-year-old King, on his return for his coronation and wedding. Accompanying the King was Princess Kityakara, the seventeen-year-old daughter of the Siamese Ambassador to London, who will become his Queen at a marriage ceremony on April 24. Less than a fortnight later, on May 5, the King will be crowned. The first ceremony to be held after the King's

return was the cremation, on March 28, of the late King Ananda Mahidol, who was assassinated in June, 1946. Since the war Siam has managed to maintain its peace and independence despite the unsettled condition of the countries on its borders, Indo-China, Burma and Malaya. In a recent article in *The Times* a special correspondent in Siam said that "all observers who know the country well say that, left to their own devices, the Siamese would be the last people in Asia to go Communist."

# The World of the Theatre.

## WITH THE GANGS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IN accepted phrase, the programme of a recent Cambridge undergraduate revival of "Henry the Fourth: Part Two" described Falstaff and his men as "Irregular Humorists." The Crazy Gang might have borrowed the phrase for its new Victoria Palace revue, "Knights of Madness," which is not, maybe, an entertainment to choose if you like your theatrical humours to be gentle and the company to be confined at a decent distance behind the picture-frame.

The tactics of the Crazy Gang are very simple. Its members have no wish to puzzle us. They do not regard comedy as intricate needlework. Once they are upon a stage, it is, I gather, their desire to get off it as quickly as possible. They dash, helter-skelter, to the wings. They run down around the orchestra. They appear in boxes. They scamper through the aisle. They tug dust-sheets over the front row of stalls. They bang about like the Lower Fourth at play, and at the same time use comic inventions that I hope no one in the Lower Fourth has contemplated.

Everything must be swift. Everything must be broad. An audience must have no time to reflect. It must be battered into laughter, clubbed into submission. Anyone who enjoys this rough-house treatment will love "Knights of Madness." He will say that Bud Flanagan, Nervo and Knox, and Naughton and Gold are major comedians, in the royal line.

But are they? I doubt it. They are good knockabouts, experienced drolls. Bud Flanagan has the grace of a moonstruck elephant. Naughton and Gold have the agreeable comic resource of pantomime Brokers' Men. Jimmy Nervo is just as ready and boisterous. Teddy Knox, I agree, has something else, a comic flash that can illuminate the rough stuff. He is more than a crazy gangster. Every now and then the Gang endears itself. Flanagan, when he sings "Hey, Neighbour," can combine stage and auditorium more effectively than in the comic galumphings. Knox, in an idiotic mock-melodrama, finds an expression that manages to be both mischievous and sham-serious.

The trouble is that too much of the present material is cheap. The Wedding and Holiday-Camp scenes have the humour of the old penny peepshows on a seaside pier or the red-nosed comic postcard. True, the members of the Gang have gusto, pace, precision, attack, a command of the technique of broad comedy. Yet, just because they have become a revue institution, I do not see why we should applaud the vulgarity of much of their material. It is the fashion to observe tolerantly that this is Broad, Earthy Stuff. It is, but it is none the funnier. I have ample respect for our best music-hall traditions, for the skill of our Lords of Misrule, the roaring boys of variety. But I wish that sometimes they would abandon the ancient jokes. The late Sid Field, who was the best comedian of our day, did not rely on these lower jinks. The Gang is capable enough not to need them. For the rest, the revue is contrived ably enough, and Linda Lee is a singer with both zest and a voice.

I could not help thinking of the Crazy Gang at the Arts Theatre's revival of "The Provok'd Wife." Here, too, I am a heretic. Restoration comedy at its zenith—as in the sharp glitter of Congreve—can please the ear. But Vanbrugh's play is a rather tedious concoction, with an amusing scene here and there, some splinters of wit, and

a heavy insistence on the single Restoration joke. I can believe that, acted by an impeccable cast, it might have a certain theatrical quality that the Arts

fly-weight entered by error for the heavy-weight class, and putting a brave face upon it. Some of the other crazy-gangsters in the piece are in period, some are not. Adele Dixon's Lady Brute is always a warm, eager performance, and Julia Flaxman can flip off the French maid with a nice assurance. The play may be a classic; but it is, I hold, a minor one, somewhere again in the Lower Fourth, and near the bottom at that.

In "Detective Story," at the Princes, we are in the presence of the New York police (that gang set to catch the gangsters). I notice that if you are arrested in New York early in the evening, you can have quite a slice of free entertainment at the local police station, though possibly the programme in the detective squad room of the Twenty-first Precinct is not altogether typical. You do not see a detective murdered every night, and I cannot believe that so charming a range of types would turn up within three hours on a single August evening. Still, few will moan about this, for Sidney Kingsley, the melodramatist, is in his way a competent technician who has seen that there is no grit in the works. All is smooth and brisk, and some incidental crazy-gang antics do not blot the unexpected drama of the central theme, the relations of a fanatical young detective and his conscience-charged wife, people expressed plausibly by Douglass Montgomery and Helen Backlin.

I like in particular a relatively small part known only as "A Shoplifter." This is played by Diane Billings with a wide-eyed childishness and a kind of fluffy-ingratiating whine. The amiable creature has stolen a bag. It is only imitation alligator, and she does not like it anyway, so the whole adventure is unfortunate. Nevertheless, she has her fun in the squad room. Here there is always something going on; somebody will take your finger-prints, or a burglar or so will be brought in, or that good-looking young detective will have more bother with his wife. When the Shoplifter goes off at last to the night court—presumably to be released on probation—she does not realise that she is missing a murder which would have been the crown of her day. Miss Billings is in good crazy-gang form, and she is easier to hear than some of her colleagues. The play as a whole is one that students should visit immediately before or after the English police film of "The Blue Lamp." There is a comparison indeed.

"Latin Quarter, 1950," the new glossy-professional revue at the Casino, has one crazy-gang raid—the scene in which Vic Oliver endures the horrors of a really efficient hotel.

Mr. Oliver, on the stage, knows how to suffer acutely, and in this sketch he endures profound farcical agonies while Service can mean. He would have much enlivened another crazy-gang piece which I met at the little Watergate, off the Strand—a charming nutshell of a theatre that was occupied by a most alarming play. This piece, a comedy called "No Flies on Pegasus," might well have been rechristened "No Mercy to the Playgoer." I have rarely heard so much desperately bright dialogue, almost like a parody of the very young Coward. Strangely, it was spoken in a Cornish cottage infested by a set of mock-artistic squatters. For two hours these Irregular Humorists babbled at each other. Then, two minutes before curtain-fall, the worst of them was shot dead. It struck me as an admirable idea, though an earthquake would have been even better. What a gang!



A SCENE WHICH HAS "THE HUMOUR OF THE OLD PENNY PEEPSHOWS ON A SEASIDE PIER OR THE RED-NOSED COMIC POSTCARD": THE CRAZY GANG IN THE HOLIDAY-CAMP SCENE FROM "KNIGHTS OF MADNESS," AT THE VICTORIA PALACE.



"A BROAD COMEDIANS' JAMBOREE, WITH BUD FLANAGAN, NERVO AND KNOX, AND NAUGHTON AND GOLD IN FULL COMMAND": "KNIGHTS OF MADNESS," SHOWING THE CRAZY GANG AS EDWARDIAN BEAUX. The Crazy Gang are back at the Victoria Palace in a new revue by Jack Hylton called "Knights of Madness." Mr. Trewin says that "this is not, maybe, an entertainment to choose if you like your humours to be gentle and the company to be confined at a decent distance behind the picture frame," but there is no doubt that thousands of playgoers will be "battered into laughter and clubbed into submission," and that in any event the Gang should still be on view next spring.

production fails to show. This is clogged at the start. Russell Waters is a good, neat comedian without the dominating relish for a Sir John Brute. He is like a

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"KNIGHTS OF MADNESS" (Victoria Palace).—This is a broad comedians' jamboree, with Bud Flanagan, Nervo and Knox, and Naughton and Gold in full command. Many will approve of it as the right kind of uproar; a few others will search for the missing subtleties. In any event, the Gang should still be on view next spring.

"DETECTIVE STORY" (Princes).—Sidney Kingsley flashes up for us a New York police station and fills it with some thirty or more assorted types. It is a melodrama of strength and substance, acted with vigour by a cast that needs to watch its diction.

"LATIN QUARTER, 1950" (Casino).—Vic Oliver and friends take charge of the Casino in another of the spectacular Nesbitt revues. It is better than last year's, and Sylvie St. Clair is a charming newcomer.

"THE PROVOK'D WIFE" (Arts).—The same old Restoration-style joke, with less wit than usual. Vanbrugh's comedy is not well treated in this revival; but it was never a major piece.

"MURDERER'S CHILD" (New Lindsey).—A strong, unpretentious drama that deserved more than a fortnight's club-theatre run.



THE HARD DISCIPLINE OF THE DAYS OF SAIL: A SEAMAN ABOUT TO BE FLOGGED WITH THE BOSUN'S WHIP ABOARD *LYDIA*.



GUN CREWS RUN OUT THE CARRONADES READY FOR FIRING ABOARD THE FRIGATE *LYDIA* IN PREPARATION FOR BATTLE. HORNBLOWER (GREGORY PECK) SHOUTS AN ORDER.

AN exciting adventure story of the sea which is now being made into a film, may prove one of the best entertainments of 1950. This film, "Captain Horatio Hornblower," is a Warner Bros. First National Production in Technicolor, adapted from three of the famous "Hornblower" novels by C. S. Forester, "The Happy Return," "Flying Colours" and "A Ship of the Line." The film, which is directed by Raoul Walsh, is being made at Denham and Elstree; shooting is expected to be finished about the end of May. Gregory Peck is playing the part of Captain Hornblower, Robert Beatty is Lieut. Bush and Virginia Mayo is Lady Barbara Wellesley. Weeks of intricate research, design and draughtsmanship went into the making of Captain Hornblower's frigate *Lydia*, which is historically correct in every detail, the plans being based on a model of the *Ariel* (launched in 1795) in the Imperial Science Museum. In Volume III, "The Second World War,"

[Continued below.]



A FULL-SCALE REPRODUCTION OF A FRIGATE OF NELSON'S TIME: HORNBLOWER'S SHIP *LYDIA* AT DENHAM STUDIOS. SHE IS 130 FT. LONG AND 30 FT. WIDE. A SYSTEM OF HYDRAULIC JACKS UNDER THE KEEL CAN ROCK THE SHIP TO SIMULATE A GENTLE SWELL OR A STORM AT SEA.



ARRIVING ON BOARD *LYDIA*, TO BE WELCOMED STERNLY AND UNWILLINGLY BY CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER (GREGORY PECK): LADY BARBARA WELLESLEY (VIRGINIA MAYO), A SISTER OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



A RELUCTANT FAREWELL: LADY BARBARA WELLESLEY SAYS GOOD-BYE TO CAPTAIN HORNBLOWER AS HER FIANCÉ, ADMIRAL SIR RODNEY LEIGHTON (DENIS O'DEA—LEFT), LOOKS ON WITH SOME MISGIVING.

#### A FAMOUS NAVAL HERO OF FICTION BROUGHT TO LIFE IN A FILM STUDIO: "CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER."

[Continued.] extracts of which are being published in *The Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Winston Churchill describes how, in August, 1941, he travelled in the battleship *Prince of Wales* to meet President Roosevelt. During this voyage Mr. Churchill read "Captain Hornblower, R.N.," one of C. S. Forester's "Hornblower" novels, which had been given to him by

Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of State in Cairo. When opportunity offered, he sent Mr. Lyttelton a message: "I find 'Hornblower' admirable." This however caused some excitement in the Middle East H.Q. "where it was imagined that 'Hornblower' was the code-word for some special operation of which they had not been told."

EARLY CHRISTIAN ART IN ATHENS:  
ANCIENT BYZANTINE CHURCHES.

APOSTLES AND A TREE OF JESSE IN THE FINE LATE BYZANTINE WALL-PAINTINGS IN THE MONASTERY OF KAISARIANI: ONE OF THE EARLY MONASTIC BUILDINGS ON MOUNT HYMETTUS.

THE immense wealth of antiquities of the Classical Greek and Hellenistic ages in Athens and, to some extent, the factor of taste in architecture and the like, have perhaps obscured the later beauties of Athens to such an extent that the ancient churches which we illustrate on this and the facing page may well come as a discovery to many. All of them stand in either the heart, or the immediate outskirts, of the city. Perhaps the most interesting are the three small churches which stand in Athens' busiest shopping centre—the Little Metropolis, the Kapnikarea and the Church of the Two Theodores. Of these, the Little Metropolis is perhaps the most remarkable. It is

(Continued below.)



(ABOVE.) THE LITTLE METROPOLIS, ONE OF THE SMALLEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE OLD BYZANTINE CHURCHES OF ATHENS, LYING UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE LAST-CENTURY GREAT METROPOLIS (LEFT).

*Continued.* very small—the dome being only 39 ft. high—and it is built of Pentelic marble, which has weathered to a rosy-golden tone. Furthermore, to quote from Osbert Lancaster's "Classical Landscape with Figures": "On all four sides the external walls are enlivened by the introduction of fragments of classical frieze, sculptured panels of Eastern origin, Hellenistic votive tablets and every possible variety of small-scale relief likely to turn up on an Athenian scrap-heap." The other interesting group of Byzantine churches lies on the slopes of Mount Hymettus, and the road to those

(Continued opposite.)



THIS EARLY BYZANTINE CHURCH, CALLED METAMORPHOSIS, IS BUILT AGAINST THE ROCKS OF THE ACROPOLIS, AND IS A GREAT FAVOURITE OF THE BEGGARS AND HUMBLE FOLK, WHO BRING FLOWERS AND LIGHT CANDLES THERE.



BUILT ROUND A SINGLE CORINTHIAN PILLAR: ONE OF THE STRANGEST OF THE SMALL CHURCHES OF ATHENS—LYING IN THE BUSY, NOISY EURIPIDES STREET. ITS PATRON SAINT, ST. JOHN OF THE PILLAR, IS BELIEVED TO CURE FEVERS.



DETAIL OF THE LITTLE METROPOLIS, SHOWING SOME OF THE PRE-CHRISTIAN SCULPTURE FRAGMENTS WHICH HAVE BEEN, AS IT WERE, "APPLIQUÉ" ON THE STRUCTURE, WHOSE MARBLE SURFACE IS ROSY-GOLDEN IN TONE.



STANDING IN ATHENS' BUSIEST SHOPPING CENTRE AND TRADITIONALLY FOUNDED BY THE EMPRESS EUDOXIA IN THE NINTH CENTURY: THE KAPNIKAREA CHURCH, A CLOSE NEIGHBOUR OF THE LITTLE METROPOLIS (CENTRE, LEFT).

Photographs by Mary Mollo.

# HIGH ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT HYMETTUS: OLD CHURCHES WHICH LOOK DOWN ON ATHENS.



SUPERBLY POISED ON THE CRAGS OF MOUNT HYMETTUS AND OVERLOOKING THE SUBURBS OF ATHENS: THE TINY TENTH-CENTURY CHURCH OF ASTERI, IN WHICH, AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY, SHEPHERDS USED TO SHELTER THEIR SHEEP.



ST. JOHN PRODROMOS: ANOTHER OF THE CHURCHES ON THE SLOPES OF HYMETTUS, ABOVE THE ATHENS WORKING-CLASS SUBURB OF KAISARIANI. FOUNDED IN 1572 AND REBUILT ABOUT 1800, IT IS FREQUENTED BY GREEK REFUGEES FROM ASIA MINOR.



ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE OF THE CHURCHES OF MOUNT HYMETTUS: THAT OF ST. JOHN THE HUNTER. IT IS WHITEWASHED AND NO LONGER USED AS A CHURCH. IT WAS FOUNDED IN 1180 BY LOUKAS KINIGOS.

*Continued.*  
rocky heights runs out of Athens through the working-class suburb of Kaisariani. In 1944, these rocky uplands were the scene of some of the fiercest fighting between British troops and the E.L.A.S. forces. Now their picturesque churches and the immense and beautiful prospects obtainable from Hymettus have made them a favourite place for holiday-makers and the more energetic tourists. Our photographs bring out what

*Photographs by Mary Mollo.*



MURAL PAINTINGS IN THE INTERIOR OF ASTERI (SEE PHOTOGRAPH, LEFT): THESE ARE BELIEVED TO BE AMONG THE EARLIEST GREEK BYZANTINE MURALS BUT, AS CAN BE SEEN, THEY ARE IN A DILAPIDATED CONDITION.



THE PAINTING OF THE DOME AND PART OF THE CEILING OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN PRODROMOS (SEE PHOTOGRAPH, LEFT): SHOWING THE GREAT CHRIST PANTOCRATOR. RELATIVELY MODERN, BUT PRESERVING THE BYZANTINE TRADITION.



THE BEST-PRESERVED AND PERHAPS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE CHURCHES ON MOUNT HYMETTUS: THE MONASTERY OF KAISARIANI, SOME OF WHOSE FAMED FRESCOS ARE REPRODUCED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

is the usual shape of the early Byzantine church. A dome rises from the centre of a cross, and the four angles of the cross are filled with chapels so that the whole building forms a rough square, rather like St. George's flag.



PEOPLE like myself, who make a practice of commenting upon the domestic furnishings of the past, are rather fond of using phrases such as "our sober English taste" to describe what we consider to be the main characteristics of the styles generally in favour among us from one generation to another. Indeed, if we don't keep a close guard upon our fountain-pens, we are liable to present to the world a picture of a stern, austere nation of stoics, already, even in the eighteenth century, conscious of its imperial mission "to spare the conquered and wear down the proud," much given to quoting Virgilian hexameters in the House of Commons, and generally behaving in a highly decorous, discreet and virtuous manner. Writing on this theme, we are tempted to forget our not infrequent exercises in emotionalism, those beautifully composed orations in Parliament so plentifully watered by tears, the corruption in public life which was taken so lightly, and our manifold stupidities and extravagances. How pleasant to pull oneself up and remember that we were human after all, moved by fads and passions in both our public and private lives and, at least as far as our own houses were concerned, as ready to adopt a new fashion as the Athenians were to put up a temple to an unknown god! It so happens that a recent sale at Sotheby's contained several pieces sent by Lord Cobham from Hagley Hall, Stourbridge, which illustrated with extraordinary precision how we could on occasion let our back hair down, as it were, and, guided by a designer of something like genius, embark upon a brief career of fantastical experiment.

One of these remarkable pieces is shown in Fig. 1, and demands a fairly detailed description. It is a candle-stand,

naturalistic gyrations of the two arms, which are decided oddities. The whole structure is of wood, with the exception of the nozzles which hold the candles, which are of metal, and the darker parts are stained mahogany colour. The top is lobed, and beneath it hangs a sort of fringe carved in the shape of small stalactites, beneath that a cluster of scrolls, and around the moulded stems are entwined two



FIG. 1. A REMARKABLE FANTASTICAL EXPERIMENT: ONE OF THE WELL-KNOWN SET OF FOUR CANDLE-STANDS BY THOMAS JOHNSON IN MAHOGANY-STAINED WOOD, WITH CARVED WHITEWOOD ENRICHMENTS.

Whimsy as devised in 1760 or thereabouts is illustrated by this remarkable piece, one of a set of four candle-stands by Thomas Johnson in mahogany-stained wood, with carved whitewood enrichments, the tops fringed with stalactites and supported on scrolls and moulded stems entwined with dolphins, to which are attached candle-branches. The tripod bases are of rococo form and carved with stalagmites and shells.



FIG. 2. SOME FIFTY YEARS EARLIER THAN THE THOMAS JOHNSON CANDLE-STANDS: ONE OF A PAIR OF VERY FINE QUEEN ANNE CARVED WOOD AND GILT TORCHÈRES. The comparison between this Queen Anne torchère, one of a pair, and the Thomas Johnson candle stand is, writes Frank Davis, "eloquent and very close—tripod feet, wing pieces, etc., similar proportions, but none the less worlds apart—rich enough, but simplicity itself when seen by the side of the first."

I venture to draw attention to the cunning rake of the back legs—standard practice, I know, but how often does the modern chairmaker carry it out with such solidity? When he doesn't, he should. Note also that in these chairs, as in all others of the same sort I can call to mind, the legs are plain. The Chinese character is provided by the pierced back and the top rail and (Fig. 4, for example) by the pierced brackets: flutings or acanthus leaves, or ball-and-claw feet are absent. Chippendale and his contemporaries would not mix incongruities of that sort.

If you should come across such a combination, you will immediately suspect that some ingenious and optimistic commercial gentleman with no knowledge, and even less taste, has found the legs of one chair and the top of another and joined them in unholy matrimony. Nor do I remember an instance in which an English chairmaker, anxious to provide his patrons with a "Chinese Chair," has imitated the agreeable Chinese pattern for chair-legs by turning the feet *inwards*: this sounds odd when written down without further explanation. (I hope to illustrate the point on some future occasion.) It is, I suggest, one more proof that he was not really interested in Chinese furniture and had probably never seen any, but merely wanted to give his work a Chinese flavour.

Casting around for something to serve as a foil to Thomas Johnson's remarkable candle-stand of Fig. 1, I found the problem neatly solved by a pair of *Torchères* in the same sale, like Fig. 3, belonging to Lord Hastings (Fig. 2). Date, the reign of Queen Anne, and therefore about fifty years earlier than the candle-stand. The comparison is eloquent and very close—tripod feet, wing pieces, etc., similar proportions, but none the less worlds apart—rich enough, but simplicity itself when seen by the side of the first. Carved wood, gilt, octagonal tops, the stems chamfered and carved with foliage, flower-heads, trellis-pattern and scrolls. The S-scrolls of the tripod feet are carved with foliage, as also are the wing pieces. I repeat, rich enough, not to say luxurious, but for



FIG. 3. ONLY CHINESE AT A VERY DISTANT REMOVE: ONE OF A SET OF SIX CHINESE CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY CHAIRS. The backs of the chairs which make up this set of six are filled with trellis pierced with quatrefoils surmounted by shaped top rails carved with pagoda and cabochon motives. They have deep stuffed seats. They came from Melton Constable, Norfolk.

62 ins. in height. There were four of them. Two were bought by the Victoria and Albert Museum, and two by a private collector. The photograph shows their general characteristics pretty well, but does not, I think, give full value to the alleged

dolphins, standing rather crossly on their heads and waving their tails to the circumambient air. These rest on an elaborate tripod base adorned with shells and stalagmites. They date from about 1760, outpace anything Chippendale himself devised in the way of fantasy in his most lush period, and are by Thomas Johnson, who is a considerable, if little-known, figure among cabinet-makers of the time (for example, in 1758 he advertised 150 designs). Here indeed is the legendary "sober English taste" having a night out and enjoying itself, no holds barred and no questions asked.

In the same property and by the same maker were two pairs of no less elaborate and amusing girandoles, one of them carved with a miller climbing to the upper window of his mill, while a mule grazes beneath an arch below. Compared with such engaging experiments Chippendale's "Director" is the most pedestrian prose. The designs in this, the most famous of the pattern-books, can, of course, be traced in many pieces both from Chippendale's workshop and in those by other makers. Here is one, the chair of Fig. 4, which was also from the Hagley Hall collection; the design for the railing is straight from the 1754 edition.

In talking about European adaptations of Chinese forms last week, I illustrated another chair of similar type—one with the top rail in the form of a Chinese roof. In this case the shape of the top rail is a distant reminiscence of a Chinese pattern, but the carving upon it is as English as a London park—lightly carved foliage. Such chairs were the latest fashion for about a decade from about 1755, and many makers tried their hand on them. Here is another (Fig. 3), which also appeared in the same sale, sent by Lord Hastings from Melton Constable, Norfolk—variations upon the same elegant theme and only Chinese at a very distant remove. As one looks at these things one is a little prone to be interested in the carving or the design of the pierced backs to the exclusion of other virtues, and it is as well to remind oneself that good, solid, honest construction is just as important. I can detect nothing gimcrack about the legs or stretchers of these two and, not for the first time in talking about chairs,

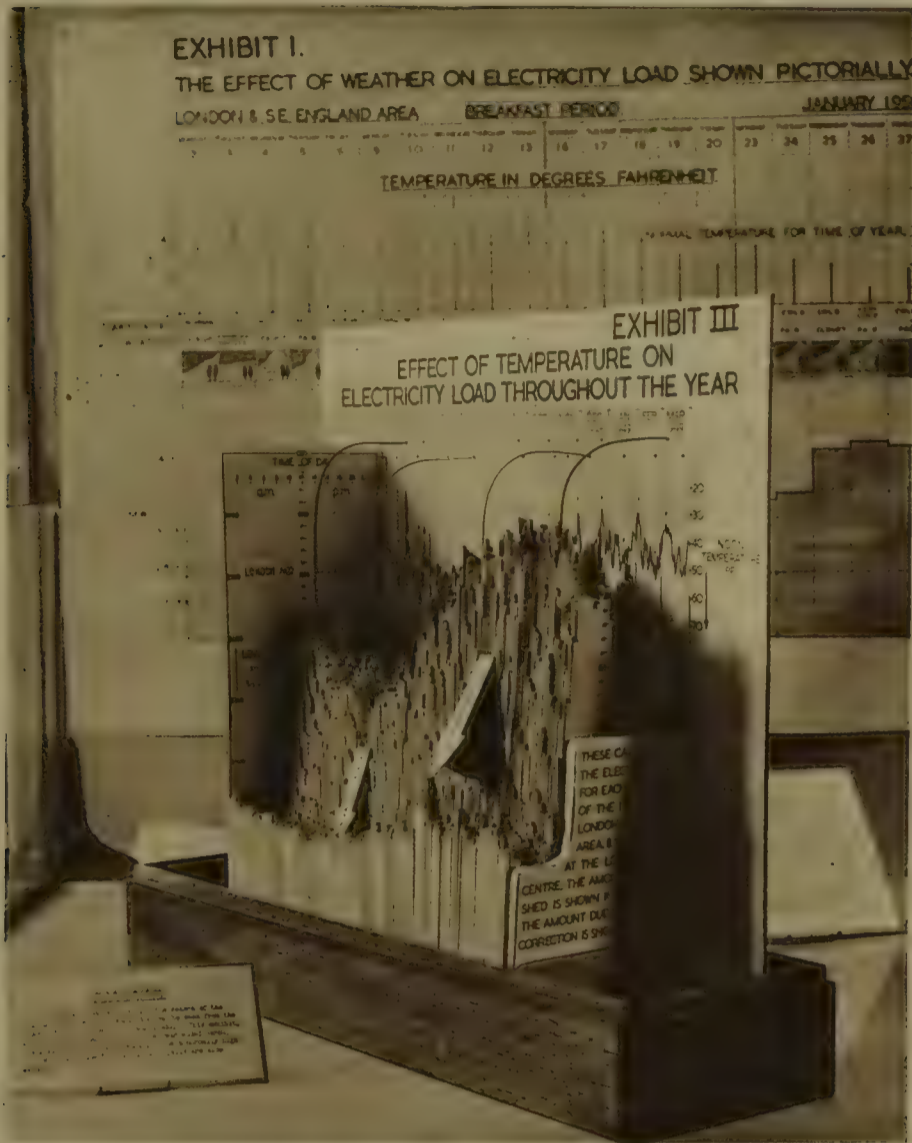


FIG. 4. WITH TOP RAILS OF *Chinoiserie* FORM AND CARVED WITH FOLIAGE: ONE OF A SET OF FOUR CHINESE CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY CHAIRS. The design for the arrangement of the railing of the chairs in this Chinese Chippendale mahogany set is given in the 1754 edition of Chippendale's "Director."

Illustrations by Courtesy of Sotheby's.

all that a piece of very great dignity, ceremonious and bland, with nothing to distract the eye as it moves upwards and notes the various embellishments which terminate in the finely-balanced upper part. Perhaps it is correct to use the phrase "our sober English taste" after all.

# THE SCIENCE OF WEATHER; AND GREAT BRITAIN'S LARGEST OIL-TANKER.



LOAD-SHEDDING AND THE WEATHER: AN EXHIBIT OF DAILY LOAD CARDS FOR THE LONDON AND SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND ELECTRICITY AREA AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM.

This year marks the centenary of the Royal Meteorological Society, and the event is being celebrated by an exhibition at the Science Museum, South Kensington, a visit by directors and senior officials of American and European meteorological services to the Harrow Meteorological Office (April 1) and a broadcast in the Home Service of the B.B.C. (April 5). Here we illustrate two of the exhibits at the Science Museum. The first shows the relation between temperature and the electricity load by



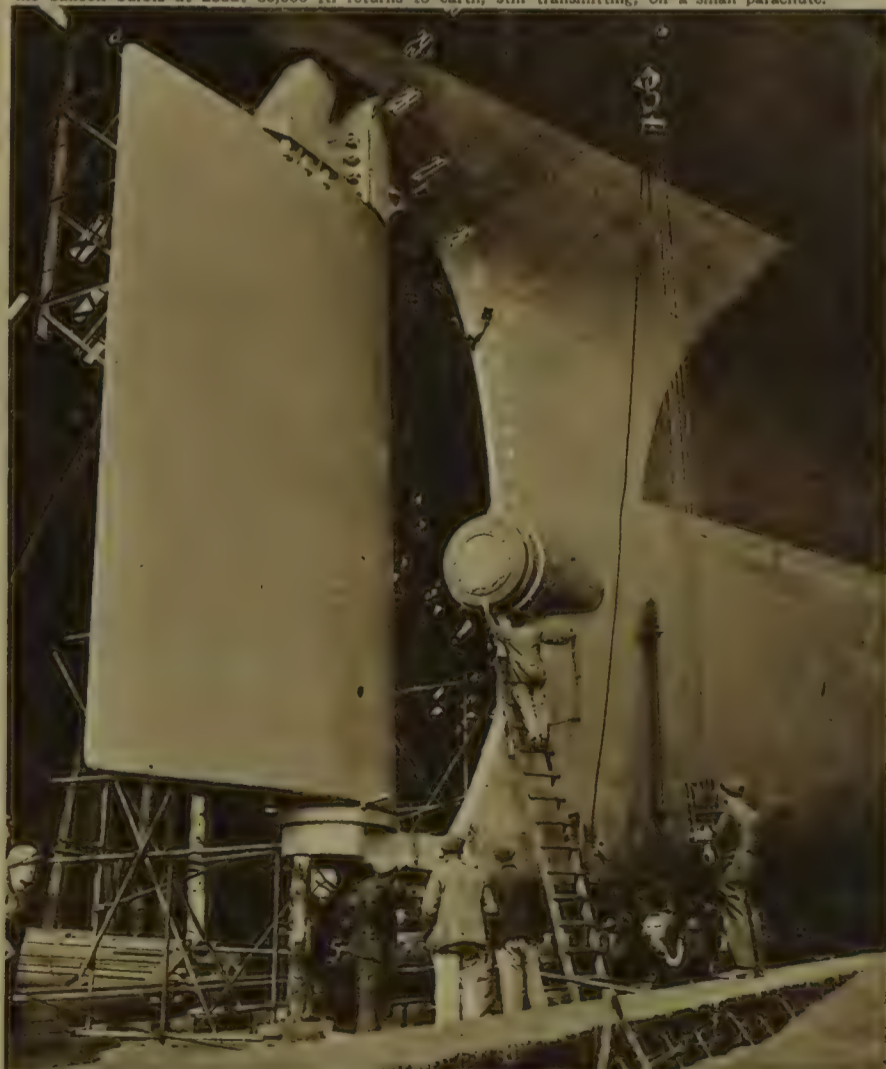
THE RADIO-SONDE: A MINIATURE TRANSMITTER CARRIED ALOFT BY A BALLOON TO SEND SIGNALS DEFINING ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE, TEMPERATURE AND HUMIDITY.

means of load cards for each half-hour of the day in the London and South-East England area for the year ended March, 1949. The seasonal changes and the abnormally high or low demands in hot or cold spells are very evident. The radio-sonde is sent up into the upper air attached to a hydrogen-filled balloon and automatically transmits information about atmospheric pressure, humidity and temperature, and when the balloon bursts at about 60,000 ft. returns to earth, still transmitting, on a small parachute.



HOISTING THE 25-TON SCREW OF THE VELUTINA INTO POSITION: PREPARATIONS FOR THE LAUNCHING OF THE LARGEST TANKER EVER BUILT IN A U.K. SHIPYARD.

H.R.H. Princess Margaret arranged to launch the largest oil tanker ever to be built in a U.K. shipyard on April 4 at Wallsend-on-Tyne. The *Velutina*, 28,000 deadweight tons, is 643 ft. long and 80 ft. 6 ins. in beam, and is the latest addition to the Shell tanker fleet, which is now almost exactly fifty-eight years old; for it was in May, 1892, that the *Murex* (5010 tons)—the fleet's first vessel—was launched from a West Hartlepool yard. The completion of the *Velutina* marks the beginning of a



THE LATEST AND LARGEST ADDITION TO THE SHELL TANKER FLEET: A STERN VIEW OF THE VELUTINA; SHOWING HER ENORMOUS RUDDER AND PROPELLER BOSS.

new stage in the development of Britain's tanker fleet, for two more 28,000-tonners are to leave the slipways by next July, and the fourth is due for launching in the second half of 1951. These new ships are primarily designed for carrying crude oil from the Middle East to Shell's refineries at Shell Haven and Stanlow, now being expanded to reach a total capacity of some 6,000,000 tons a year. The *Velutina* will have an average speed of 16 knots and carry some 200,000 tons of oil annually.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

"A VOICE THROUGH A CLOUD," by Denton Welch (John Lehmann; 10s. 6d.), cannot be regarded as a novel, or discussed coolly as a mere work of art. It is a personal monument, the unfinished story of a life spent in dying. At eighteen, Denton Welch was hurt in a road accident. He lived for thirteen years, but with a fractured spine. He never gave in. This is a record of the early stages, the months in hospital, the almost angry struggle to get back into his own power. We know it came off; though he was dying, he stopped himself by main force from being an invalid. And so æsthetic judgment is abashed. But this feeling, this abashed reluctance to play the critic, is strongest on the threshold. Afterwards one comes to see it as a form of "making allowances"—and they are not called for. The writer's talent is just as striking as his courage, and essentially the same thing. I doubt if he could ever have produced a great novel. But he sees and feels with an acuteness one must call brilliant, and his sensuous imagination is extraordinary. It gives him access to a dream world so vivid, so minutely real, that he might well have stayed there and declined the losing battle with circumstance. Also, he has a keen and almost cruel awareness of personality. But these things don't add up to a talent for fiction, for he seems to lack the impulse that would make fiction out of them. His urge is not to build on experience, or interfere with it in any way, but only to put it down. And such complete integrity must needs be fatal to story telling.

But here the fiction is a mask, or barely a mask, and the experience absorbing. Denton Welch is not his own hero. He does not trifle with his agony, or claim that he bore it well. On the contrary, it was so monstrous that he would not have any part of it. In the first abominable days, he wanted no one but his friend Clare—because she was a Christian Scientist; she would deny the fact, resist it with all her being, magic it away. And this denial was his first solace. Later, he took it up himself, not in faith, but in determined mutiny. Though he had been outraged by the nurses' contempt for suffering, and was pathetically glad of kindness, he was never grateful too long; inch by inch, he fought his way to independence and privacy. The book is said to be nearly finished, so it was probably to end with his escape from the nursing home. But in a stricter sense it could not be finished, it could only stop. It is a sequence of brilliant moments, with no more tendency to a conclusion than real experience.

"The Lost Traveller," by Antonia White (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), has, in a much less degree, something of the same reluctance to become a novel. It is designed as one, and the ingredients are all present, but they don't assemble quite right. I make this point straight away because, although the plot is fumbled, I enjoyed the book very much. It has almost every quality but that of coming off as a whole.

The adolescent Clara Batchelor is the only child of parents who have not much in common. Her father is a schoolmaster and a man of principle; her brainless, attractive mother is a woman of feeling. Claude rose from very low beginnings by intelligence and hard work; if he had not become a Catholic, he would have gone further still. Isabel, his wife, is rather well-born, and lets nobody forget it—nor that she worships beauty, nor that she was "born with a skin too few." She is all airs and idleness and little fibs. Claude has a lifelong, irritated and completely self-centred passion for her; Clara despises her outright. In looks and brains she is her father's child, and she adores him, with trembling. For he can be very harsh when displeased; and since she has begun to grow up, a *tête-à-tête* with either parent has become agony. If her father only understood that she *can't* respond—that she can do anything but talk to him! The idea that Isabel might understand her never enters her head.

But it is Claude who nearly wrecks her life, by his submerged jealousy and by his worship of the blue-blooded. He has always longed to see her taken up by old Catholics—the Catholic élite; if she married one, he would recite *Nunc dimittis*. So in her hour of crisis and desperation, he has really no thought for her at all. It is the despised Isabel, the sham, the woman of feeling, who intervenes to save. All the domestic scenes are admirable, and the crisis is deeply exciting. Of Isabel's "conversion to reality" I was not so sure. But if the whole were equal to some parts, it would be first-rate.

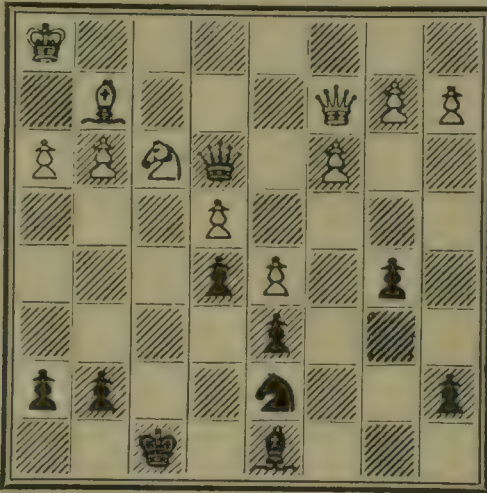
"The Breaking Strain," by Hugh Merrick (Constable; 10s.), has no such trouble with the story; it is all story, and a very good one. Ronald Seacombe, an experienced climber, has arranged to take his sister up the Helm with a guide. At the hotel, they meet a charming girl named Cynthia Hartnoll, who has been disappointed in her own plans. Ronald, deeply smitten and convinced she is a born climber—this will be her first attempt—invites her to come along. The weather is bad, and the guide insists that they must wait for it to clear up. But Cynthia has not the time, and Ronald pooh-poohs the danger—he can do without a guide. However, at the last moment he agrees to take Michael Waterlow—a stranger, but at least another man on the rope. By ill-luck, Cynthia and Michael know each other too well. Ronald was over-confident before, but at the scent of rivalry he loses all judgment; his only thought is to impress and snub. And then the "health and beauty girl" lets him down—and the disaster is complete. A genuine thriller, even if you don't care for mountain-climbing.

"No Tears for Hilda," by Andrew Garve (Collins; 8s. 6d.), should be particularly welcome, since the author is a new man. George Lambert has been charged with killing his wife, and is almost certain to be hanged—for there are no other suspects, and there is another woman. But his friend Max believes in him. And though the field is blank of potential murderers, he soon has cause to think that Hilda was a born murderess. George had not noticed, but she was. And so the answer is to dig up her past—which in the long run he does effectively. Of course, the "bare field" problem has its disadvantages. But they are got over pretty well, the manner is excellent, and Mr. Garve should be kept in mind.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

RESUMING consideration of a recent club game, I again suggest that you cover the text with a sheet of paper which you lower line by line, trying to find the next move whenever I ask "How?"



BLACK (B. H. Wood.)

24. K-R2

Now we can pin the knight down once again. How?

24. . . . B-Kt3

After this, any white knight move except the suicidal Kt-Q4 would allow mate. White's KP is now doomed, as he can do nothing effective against the threat of . . . Kt-B3; so he tries to get some fun in return for it.

If White tries to hold the pawn by 25. P-KR4 (so that his knight is freed to move) . . . Kt-B3; 26. Kt-Q2, for instance, he gets into dire trouble. How?

By 26. . . . Q-B7, pinning both Black's minor pieces at once and threatening both 27. . . . B-K6, and 27. . . . Kt-Kt5ch and 28. . . . Kt-K6, etc.

25. Q-Q2

Q x KP

26. Kt-Kt5

The attacked queen can still dictate events. How?

26. . . . Q-Kt8!

Threatening mate on the move as well as (it is cruel!) protecting the KR4 still. The white king understandably petitions his retinue for more air . . .

27. P-KR4

Now 27. . . . Q-Kt8ch; 28. K-R3 gets us nowhere, even after 28. . . . B-K6 and 29. . . . B x Kt; 30. P x B; White's isolated pawns are quite useful.

If 27. . . . B-Kt8ch, the king must again go to R3, as 28. K-R1, B-K6 dis.ch. would lose White's queen. We can have a second check by (27. . . . B-Kt8ch; 28. K-R3) Q-B4, but after 29. P-KKt4 our fun is over.

There is a move which invests this last line with triple venom and transfers the piece concerned to a far better square on general grounds. How?

27. . . . Kt-B3

Now the last line of play would conclude with 29. . . . Q x P mate. White replies

28. Kt-K6ch

K-B2

29. Q-Kt5

P-Kt3

30. K-R3

He chooses to go there before he is driven, but in doing so allows a drastic finish. Four moves later, White was to resign. But we don't know that yet!

30. . . . P-KR3 looks the move. If 31. Q x RP, Q-B4ch; 32. K-R2, Kt-Kt5ch would cost Black his queen.

Unfortunately, White has an excellent alternative (after 30. . . . P-KR3; 31. Q x RP, Q-B4ch) in 32. P-KKt4. Of course we could take this pawn, but after 32. . . . Q x Pch, we suddenly cannot check again, except by the too generous . . . B-Kt8, and meanwhile White himself is threatening us with horror upon horror, starting with Q-Kt7ch.

A great shame, for 30. . . . P-KR3 leaves White with mighty little choice of moves, apart from 31. Q x RP.

Just for once, I am going to leave you in suspense. Imagine you are Black. Can you—should you—play 30. . . . P-KR3?

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## "JUNGLE POLITICS"—TO HERALDRY.

THERE can seldom have been a more senseless or shocking political assassination than that of Count Folke Bernadotte when he was acting as mediator in Palestine. Two world wars have played havoc with our consciences. And it is perhaps not without significance that Bernadotte's life and death are already half-forgotten. It is a pity that this should be so, and Mr. Ralph Hewins is to be applauded for his book "Count Folke Bernadotte: His Life and Work" (Hutchinson; 18s.), which is a fine memorial to a man to whom a

suffering world owes much in the relief and mitigation of that suffering. "He was a good man" might be Bernadotte's epitaph. He was not a brilliant man. He was not even very intelligent. He had not always had the humanitarian interests which finally enveloped and directed his whole life. A descendant of that shrewdest of Napoleon's Marshals, who contrived so to endear himself to his subjects by tact and diplomacy as to survive the downfall of his master and the witch-hunting of Talleyrand and the other apostles of "legitimism," Folke Bernadotte was entirely in the tradition of his family. That is to say, he was brought up in a strictly religious atmosphere (this had a great effect on him later), he liked open-air sports, he joined the equivalent of our Household Cavalry, and was a cheerful if unassuming young officer and, like so many other Swedish princes, married a commoner and, in accordance with the Swedish constitution, renounced his royal rank and position. All this was in the best male Bernadotte tradition. But whether it was his charming and wealthy American wife, or whether his early observation of the suffering in the world, or a little of both, which changed him, we do not know. But change he did. Gradually the gay young cavalry officer acquired a new purpose in life—an insistent call to serve his fellow men. The Red Cross, the Boy Scout movement were obvious choices—and an active preparation for his destiny. The Second World War gave him his chance. It is unnecessary to recall his great coups as a mediator, of which the first was the exchange of 5000 British as against 5000 German badly wounded P.O.W.s at Gothenburg in 1942. As head of the Swedish Red Cross he made frequent trips into what Mr. Hewins calls "the Nazi jungle." He negotiated with Goering, with Himmler—and seldom came back empty-handed. His prizes were a few thousand lives here, improved conditions for thousands of others there. He was frequently bombed by Allied planes, often exhausted by the constant strain of playing poker for human beings against gangsters. He secured the capitulation of the 400,000 resolute German troops in Norway and Denmark without a shot fired. He saved 19,000 lives from the concentration camps. He negotiated the unconditional surrender of the Germans (Mr. Hewins' clear and dramatic account of these negotiations constitutes almost the best part of this excellent book). He had indeed deserved well of his fellow human beings. One of the most poignant of the many illustrations of the book shows Stockholm's Rabbi, Wolf Jacobsson, presenting Bernadotte with a scroll "for saving 10,000 Jews from Nazi liquidation camps." Here were 10,000 reasons at least why the crime on the Ramallah-Jerusalem road should not have been committed.

Another study of a good man—in an earlier but equally "jungle" age—is Wilhelm Schenk's "Reginald Pole" (Longmans; 15s.). This favourite relation of the brilliant young Henry VIII. suffered, like Bernadotte, for what he believed to be right. Educated—at Henry's expense—among the brilliant humanists of Renaissance Italy, he, too, began to find the alluring life of the rich scholar at his ease with his friends and his disputations but an empty thing. His Royal kinsman (there was an undoubted affection between the cousins which Pole maintained till the end of his life) was not to be blamed in wanting to make use of his brilliant protégé. He wished to appoint him Archbishop of York in order to enlist his services for the State. But unfortunately this coincided with "the king's great matter"—the Royal divorce, and by then Pole's conscience was fully alive. His refusal, his weighty arguments which he sent to the King from Italy brought on him the worst of all anxieties. The Nazis were not the first to invent "kinship arrest" and the vengeful Henry, unable to lay his hands on Pole (who had now become Papal Legate), turned on his family with a ferocity which Hitler, after the failure of the July 20 assassination plot, would have applauded. Pole's life was a constant struggle between the "vita activa" and the "vita contemplativa." Had he accepted the Papacy when it was within his grasp, his reforming activities might have saved the rift in Christendom. Dr. Schenk's biography is an interesting study, written from the unusual angle of a philosopher. It is a pity that he did not live to complete his projected trilogy.

Another posthumous book which makes one regret the author's untimely death is the late Dr. George Gordon's "The Lives of Authors" (Chatto; 10s. 6d.). This collection of essays, written by one of the most un-donnish, if scholarly, of dons, has been assembled from his papers by his widow. His essay on Sir Walter Raleigh—another victim of jungle politics—makes one regret that the days of essay-writing seem to be over. The other "brief lives" or "appreciations" are of the same order. And the essay on "the cant of criticism," which takes its text from Tristram Shandy's "Grant me patience, just heaven! Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!" has been duly

taken to heart by at least one humble critic! Mr. C. W. Scott-Giles has done so much to popularise heraldry that his latest book will be warmly welcomed by his admirers. This time he introduces the reader to this subject from a different angle. His "Shakespeare's Heraldry" (Dent; 35s.), takes us through the many heraldic references in Shakespeare's works. It shows how necessary it was for Shakespeare to give his audiences a word-picture of the mediaeval scenes he wished to evoke. It is filled with illustrations, and the reader will find that, even if he knew nothing of heraldry at the outset, by the end he will be able to discourse "billets," "bordures" and "brizures" and tell an "inescutcheon of pretence" at a glance. E. D. O'BRIEN.

# British Airmanship

SOMETHING TO BE PROUD OF

The past 30 years have seen not only the development of British airlines from the first London-Paris service to a vast network covering nearly 70 countries, but also the steady maturing of something beyond machines and scientific progress. Throughout Britain and the world this has come to be known as British Airmanship and already it has earned a significance comparable with that which traditionally attaches to British Seamanship.

British Airmanship sums up the reputation for skill, enterprise and reliability which in just over a generation of air travel has become inseparably associated with British airmen — something, indeed, to be proud of.

FLY BRITISH

ISSUED BY BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION AND  
BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS



I thought it was in  
dock, Dick?

"Oh, that was yesterday: I've had a fresh engine put in."

"But you can't get an engine changed as quickly as that!"

"You can with Ford Service Facilities. What's more, I've got an engine straight off the production lines at Dagenham, tested and guaranteed to the same standards of efficiency as the brand-new job and it cost me less than a rebore and general overhaul."

IN MOTORING — most for your money means

**Ford**

# Esso Serves the Motorist



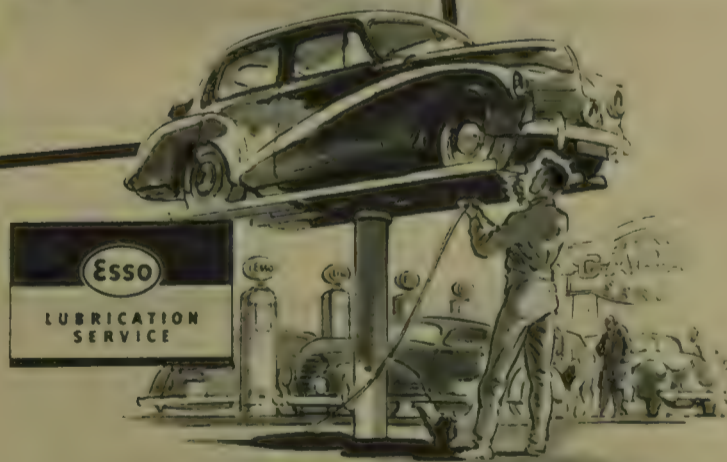
Esso's service to the motorist begins far away from Britain's pleasant byways.

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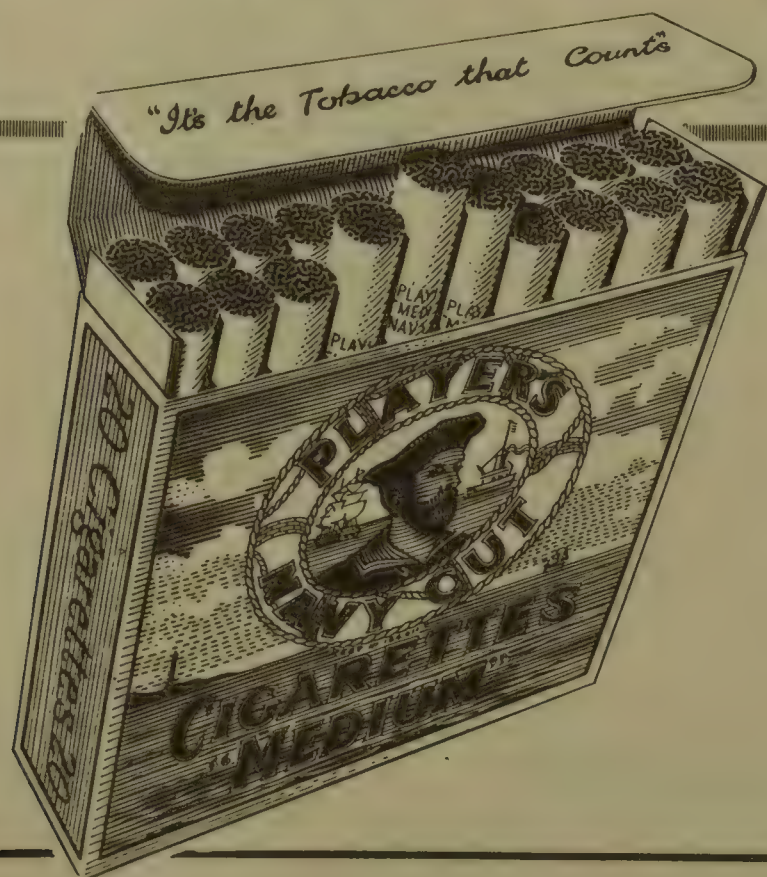
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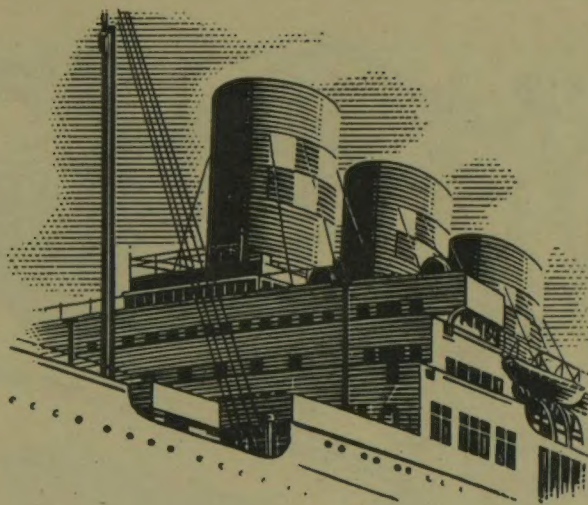
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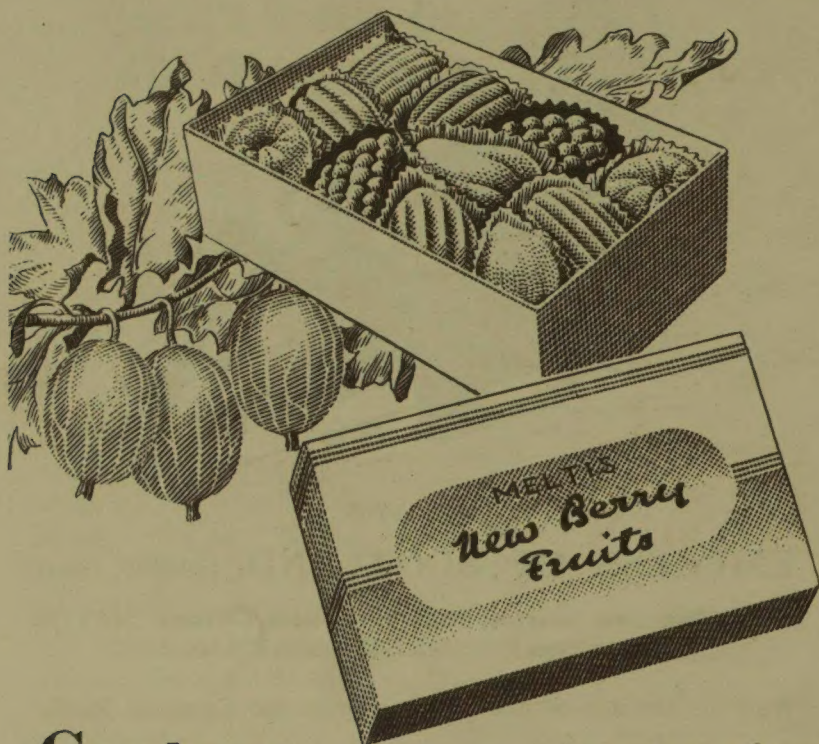
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